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SEPT. '99

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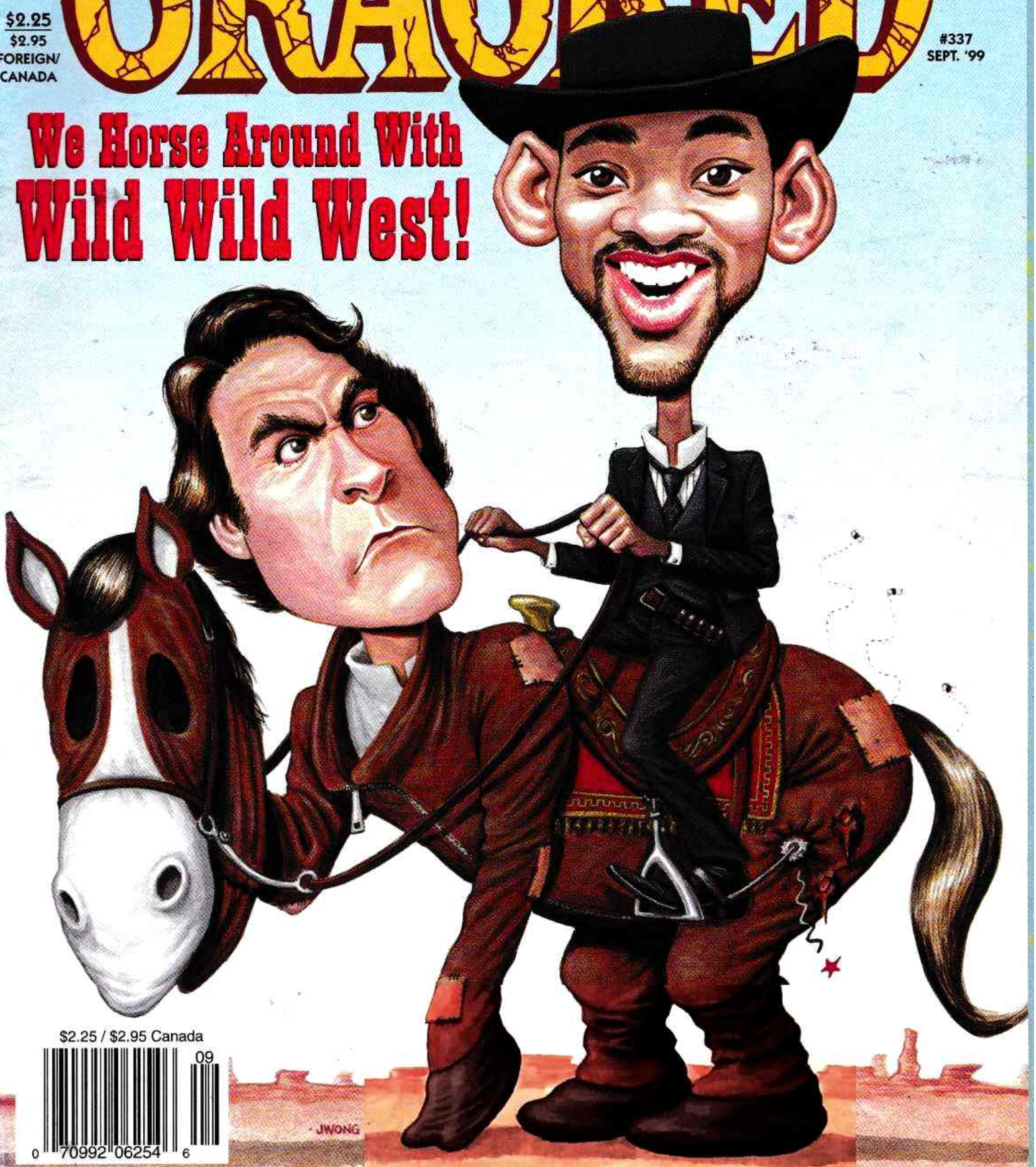

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ONE GOAL!
TO TAKE YOUR MONEY!

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STARRING SUMMER SPECIAL & MONSTER PARTY & COLLECTORS EDITION

WRITTEN BY MORONS DRAWN BY IDIOTS READ BY YOU

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WHAT'S INSIDE CRACKED® #337

September 1999

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Sylvester P. Smythe

IDIOTORIAL!

WRITTEN BY GUEST IDIOT GENERAL BUFORD REDNECK OF THE MONTANA MILITIA

"Jest cause a coupla kids decided to blow away their classmates, people is calling for gun control."

"The right to bear arms is guaranteed by one of them commandments in the constitution. Anyways, guns don't kill people. People kill people."

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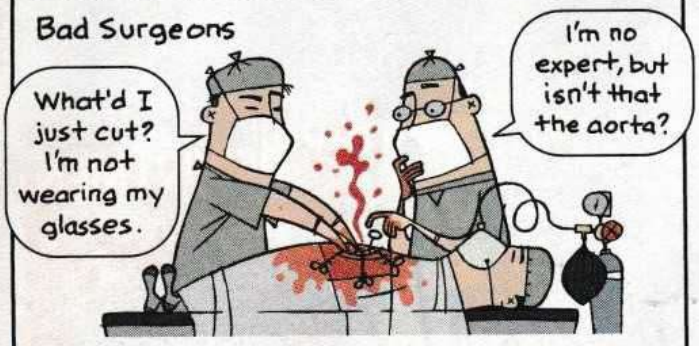
BACK

BAD PROS IN THE MEDICAL FIELD

Bad Surgeons



Bad Paramedics

Bad Dentists

THIS MONTH IN SPORTS

A LONG TIME AGO – Scandal rocks the Pod Racing world when it's discovered that Sebulba stuck bananas in Anakin Skywalker's primary repulsor exhaust.

1836 – Not much happens

1869 – First baseball night game played. However, since the light bulb hasn't been invented yet, no one can see the ball, resulting in 84 errors, 112 walks and 26 beaned batters.

1914 – Gavrilo Princip wins the Sarajevo Marksmanship Event. Unfortunately, his target is Archduke Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary, thus starting WWI.

1923 – Babe Ruth sets the record (27) for the most hot dogs eaten between innings. Later that day, he also establishes a record for the largest dump taken (12 lbs.) between innings.

FINAL EXAMS AT CIRCUS COLLEGE

ADAM SANDLER'S "BIG DADDY TIPS" ON DISCIPLINING YOUR KID

- Impose a strict 2 AM curfew
- Make him buy his own beer and cigarettes
- Restrict his "Skinemax" viewing hours
- No more foreign beers. Must drink domestic
- While he may still pee against buildings, he must now take dumps in dumpsters

FIREWORKS! FIREWORKS! FIREWORKS! THE PYRO BROTHERS present

4th OF JULY FIREWORKS TO GET MAIMED BY!

We have a wide assortment of extremely dangerous explosive devices:

ROMAN CANDLES! PINWHEELS! M-80s! POPPERS! SPARKLERS!

All guaranteed to do some serious damage or your money back!

TESTED OVER BELGRADE AND KOSOVO!

THE CRACKLING PINKIES
Perfect for unsupervised children! Has just enough TNT to blow off tender, young, not fully-formed, fleshy fingers.

THE SPLENDOR OF THE BLOOD ROCKET ASSORTMENT
Reckless adults, this one's for you! Trauma surgeons agree, these rockets will take off the entire hand, leaving a handsome stump.

THE FLASH-FIRE SPARKLER
Starts brush fires 9 out of 10, times!

SAVE MONEY ON MATCHES!
Our fireworks are made poorly and are extremely unstable which means they're ready to blow at any time.

THE PYRO BROTHERS For all your 4th of July needs!

Write because they can't draw: Katey Dash, Carson Demmans, Randy Epley, Todd Jackson, Kit Lively

WASH

RETURN TO SENDER

Dear Cracked,
We are happy to announce that the Florida Marlins will hold "Autographed Baseball Day" at the stadium August 10th. Don't worry, the balls will be autographed by just about anyone other than the Marlin players so as to ensure maximum value.

The Marlins Management
Miami, FL

Dear Cracked,
It is not true that our power lines have given local residents cancer. Nor is it true that our line of lightsabers gave Darth Maul cancer, causing his horns to fall out and making him too weak to fight Obi-Wan.

The Tatooine Electric Co.
Tatooine

Dear Cracked,
We recently added the first new game piece to the Monopoly game in years, a moneybag. The following game pieces will soon follow:

- A beggar who's lost all his money in the casinos
- Donald Trump walking past the beggar to his limo
- A mobster holding a lead pipe
- A Gambler's Anonymous card
- A $2.95 All-U-Can-Eat buffet table
- A bus filled with little old ladies from New York spending their social security checks

Milton Bradley
Shooting Craps

Dear Cracked,
I'm not just the president of the Hair Club For Cats, I'm also a customer.

Mr. Biggelsworth
ASPCA

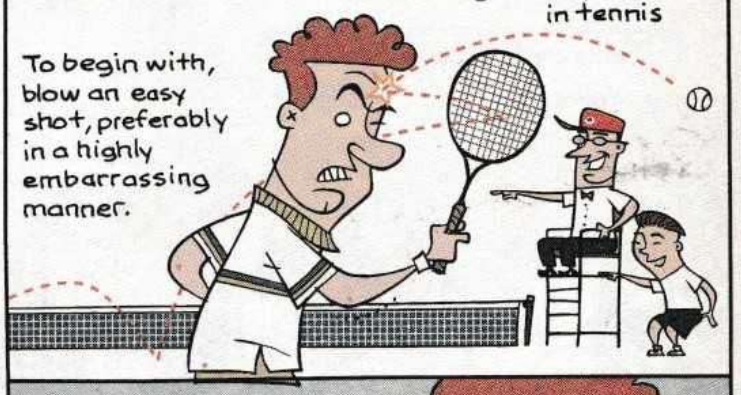
Dear Cracked,
Concerning our poor play, we are convinced The Florida Marlins are only one player away from being a good team – one player at first, one player at 2nd, one player at short, one player at 3rd, one player in left...

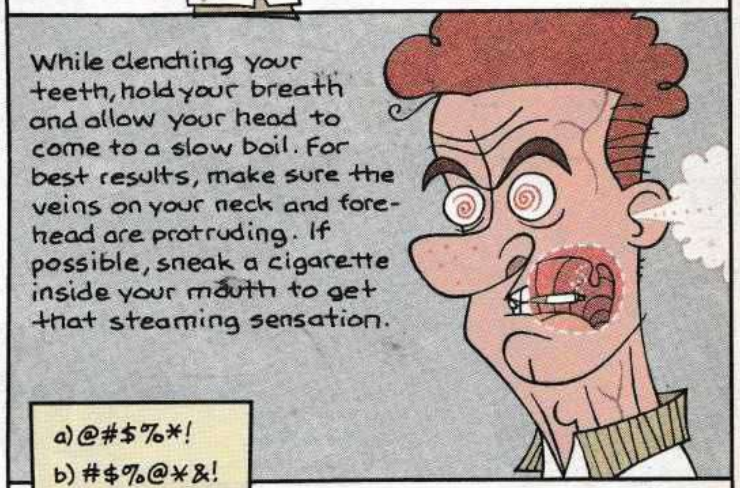
Marlins Management
Miami, FL

Dear Cracked,
So what if we took bribes. We were just "Going for the gold!"

The Olympic Committee
Salt Lake City

HOW TO... THROW A TEMPER TANTRUM After blowing an easy shot in tennis



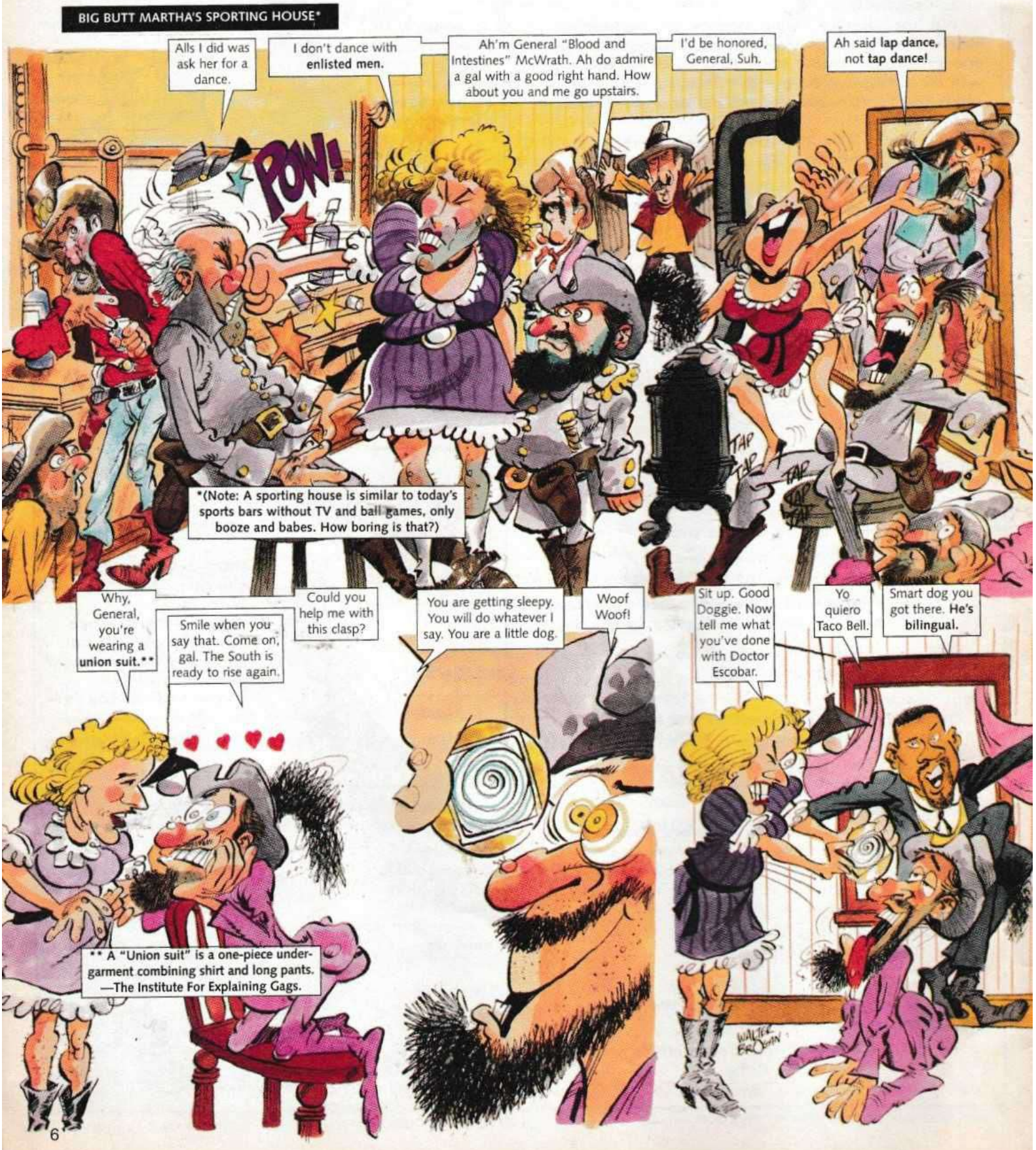


Draws because he can't tap dance: Terry Colon

The geniuses who run Hollywood keep spending millions of dollars making movies based on old TV shows. Most of these TV shows sucked—like The Flintstones, The Brady Bunch, Bilko, McHale's Navy, The Mod Squad—so naturally the movies bombed. But they keep churning them out. The latest TV to movie fiasco is an old western which we call...

THE WILD WILD MESS

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE • ARTIST: WALTER J. BROGAN



Lady, didn't you housebreak that damned mutt?
It could be worse. He could be humping your leg.
General, are you okay?
You fight pretty good, for a girl, that is. But take my advice and shave your legs.
I'm **Fartemus Boredom,** U.S. Marshall.
James Waste, Captain, U.S. Army.
POW!
BAM!
Washington, D.C.
Mr. President, Captain Waste reporting for duty.
Uh, Monica, I'll finish dictating that letter in a little while.
You're not the President! **You're an imposter!** I'll just pull off that phony beard.
Captain Waste, that **IS** the President. I'm the one in disguise.
You two are going to be partners. In addition to Doctor Escobra, ten of the country's top scientists have been kidnapped. General McWrath and Assless Lovelust are definitely involved. We think it's a plot to rebuild the Confederacy. Do you realize what that means?
There'll be a sequel to "Gone With the Wind?" I can hardly wait.
No, you idiot. It means there could be another **civil war!**
This bike has a steam-powered engine and can go 40 miles per hour. It's also equipped with an espresso machine and a washer/dryer.
My horse can't make coffee or do laundry, but **I got a little steam engine too.** I'll race you to the train.
That's ridiculous. Whoever heard of a steam-powered horse?
He ain't steam-powered, but he knows where I'll put that engine if I lose the race.
HOOVES DON'T FAIL ME NOW!

Aboard their private train...

If we catch up to McWrath and Lovelust, I'll blow them suckers away. What are you gonna do, knit them sweaters?

These are **special** knitting needles.

ZIP ZIP

GONK!

The train floor is a launching pad. Sorry, something malfunctioned. The roof is supposed to open up.

ZIP

At a factory in Nashville.

This must have been an Exxon factory. There are oil spills all over the place.

This is Doctor Motown, one of the missing scientists. Waste, have you ever heard of the **Anal Retentive Theory?**

OIL OIL OIL

Is that when you really have to go, but there's no toilet around?

No, it's the theory that the last thoughts of a person are burned into his brain.

By drilling a few holes in Motown's head and using this lantern and my steam-operated remote I can project the last image he saw. Hmm, at least he died happy. There's something in her stocking. **It's an invitation to the Lovelust Mardi Gras Ball.**

Man, this is cool! What time does the main feature go on?

New Orleans, the Assless Lovelust Mardi Gras Ball.

Yeah, shake it, baby!

While you were figuring out what shade of lipstick to use, I found out that Lovelust is supplying McWrath with weapons. Tell me something, is this really your butt or are you wearing padding?

Stop that!

Did you see that? He grabbed the butt of one of our Southern Belles. **Let's lynch the sucker!**

Boy, it's against the rules of the Confederacy to grab the butt of a woman while yore dancin'.

Right, and you shouldn't be dancin' with no white gal. We oughtta hang you twice.

I thought **she** was a man.

Yore gay? The good Reverend Falwell would give this lynching his blessing.

SALOON

Waste is rescued, naturally. We rejoin our heroes on the train.

Man, what's wrong with you? **Dressing up like one of them Klan wussies and telling them rednecks to lynch me!**

Sorry, I needed a diversion so I could rescue Doctor Escobra from Lovelust.

A real man don't need no diversions. I woulda rescued that cool chick by giving that sawed-off sucker one of my famous **stoopid karate kicks.**

Great, you hit the eject button. Just as I was making time with the good doctor.

With me around you didn't stand a chance. Uhm, so long, Doc. Nice to have met you.

Halp!

WHOOSSHH!!!

ZZZZIPP!

To make a long, boring story shorter, I captured the train and took Waste and Boredom as prisoners. I plan to sue them because their train has no wheelchair access. Well, I'm off to **kill the President.**

Why'd they let us escape?

These collars around our neck are magnetic. That buzzing sound **isn't bees** and **those aren't frisbees.** Those are **razor-sharp metal discs.**

It could be worse. We could be wearing magnetic jock straps.

Duck!

Man, look what that thing did to my head!

You're just ahead of your time. In a hundred years that look will be stylish, especially among basketball players.

WHOOSH!

Promontory Point.

With the driving in of this spike, railroads will unite the two great oceans. The American people will be able to travel coast-to-coast aboard the red eye.

Oh my God! It's a giant mechanized spider with its guns pointed at us.

Maybe it's the railroad union protesting because I'm driving a spike, even though I'm not in the Union!

HIC! HIC!

Mr. President, I demand the unconditional surrender of the United States to me, Emperor Assless Lovelust.

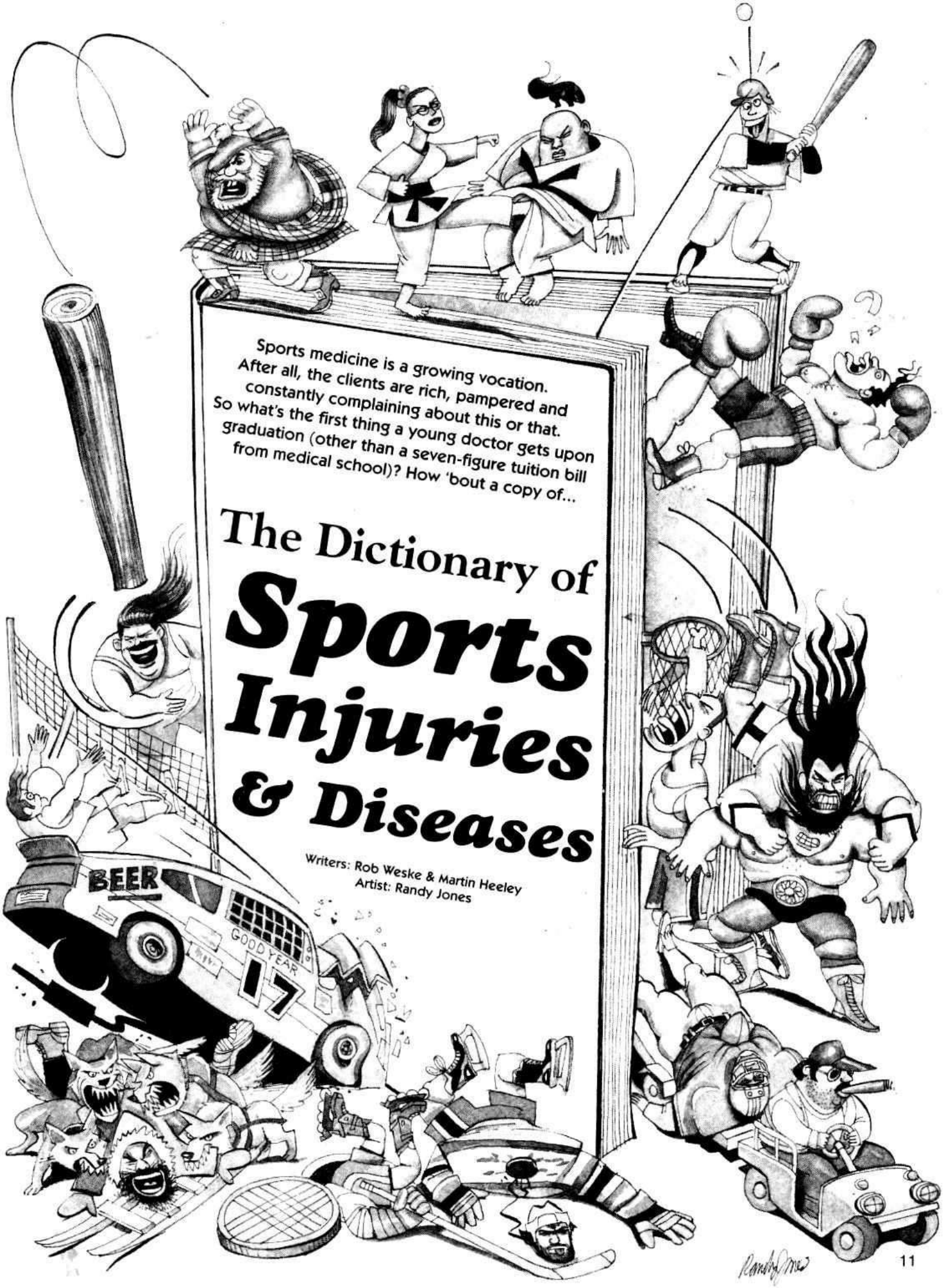
I can't surrender without the consent of the Congress. And they're all out of town raising money for their next reelection

Then it's war!

Mr. President, weapons are useless against that thing.
I know, the situation is grim. We need a little humor to lighten things up. But if anybody uses that old "has anybody got a giant can of Raid" bit, I will personally shoot them.
BOOM! BAM!
The only way to attack that 8-legged mutant is from the air. Too bad we're not birds.
Then let's do it! Hell, I'm as smart as a damned pigeon. We'll attach wings to that goofy steam bike of yours and **off we'll go into the wild blue yonder.**
KLABBOOOM!

Yo, Fartemus! Can't we go any higher? We're skimming these trees!
We could go a lot higher if you hadn't insisted on bringing...
...an airline stewardess aboard.
Bombs away.
Man, I'm starting the **mile-high club.**
Coffee, tea, **me?**

Wow! What the hell did you put in that bomb?
It's something new called plutonium. I call it an **atomic bomb.**
Hey, somebody is shooting at us.
BOOOMM!
BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!
Who are you guys, Confederate soldiers?
No, we're movie cowboys and you two **bike-riding, cross-dressing clowns are ruining our reputation.**
The End.



Sports medicine is a growing vocation. After all, the clients are rich, pampered and constantly complaining about this or that. So what's the first thing a young doctor gets upon graduation (other than a seven-figure tuition bill from medical school)? How 'bout a copy of...

The Dictionary of Sports Injuries & Diseases

Writers: Rob Weske & Martin Heeley
Artist: Randy Jones

Abs-cess: The swelling of an offensive lineman's gut to the point of inhibiting his ability to get into a three-point stance.

Acute Myocardinal Infarction: An irregular heartbeat typically found in managers of the St. Louis Cardinals as they watch the bullpen blow another lead.

Adjustyurnutsitis: Common malady of professional athletes in which the player's cup or jock forces an involuntary scratching or grabbing of their privates on TV. *See also: Dugout Nose Pick Disease.*

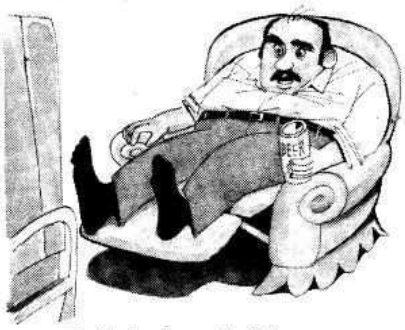
Adjustyurnutsitis

Agent Dependency: Recurring physical and emotional dependency on sports agents, resulting in hourly phone calls for reasons ranging from emotional support during traumatic salary holdouts to having their butt scratched, preferably with a nose.

Autograph Autocharging Hand Reflex: Involuntary hand reflex commonly found in athletes when approached by children for a signed autograph: the hand reaches out signaling for a cash payment. The only treatment is the placement of a $20 or $50 bill into star athlete's palm.

Ball Spike Spasm: A twitching of the arm and slamming of the game-ball to celebrate a successful play; An uncontrollable celebration of doing the job they are being paid to do, the way it's expected to be done: well! Not considered serious, until it spreads to other professions; for example, if a doctor successfully removes a liver to be transplanted then slams it to the ground in celebration.

Ballzheimer's Disease: A trance-like state that afflicts millions of American men from September through Super Bowl Sunday causing the victim to forget about everything other than football. Treatment includes recliner rest and two doses of beer and nachos every four hours. Attempted removal of the remote control during the incubation period may prove hazardous.



Ballzheimer's Disease

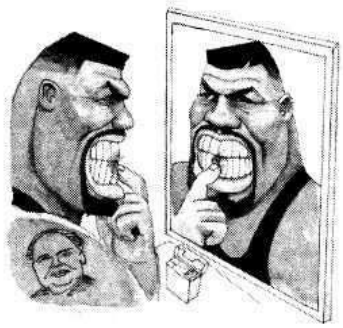
Blindness: *See Referees.*

Board Slamming Dementia: Recurring desire to slam others into walls. Most commonly found in hockey players, NASCAR Drivers and Detroit sports fans.

Boxer Teeth: A discoloration of the incisors caused by a build-up of ear wax. *See also: Mike Tyson*

Brain Splints: An affliction suffered by rookies asked to memorize too many plays.

Chronic Olympic Psychosis: A disease that occurs in TV executives. It is the fear that there will not be enough promotions for the Olympic Games. The symptoms incubate until the games actually start, then spreads out of control as that network airs meaningless "Sweden vs. Tasmania Team Ice Curling" exhibitions. The disease is out of hand when the network airs in-depth portraits of such athletes as the Mongolian mah-jongg champion.



Boxer Teeth

Coachspeak: A breakdown of the English language after an individual becomes a head coach. Overused clichés, such as "We're just hoping to compete" "We got a coupla breaks to pull out the win" and "They're a competitive team" replace phrases that one really wants to say, like "We're gonna kick the %^*#! out of them!" or "That team sucks!" *See also: Playerspeak.*

Controlachondriac: Sickness that transforms a head coach into a dictator. Symptoms include inflamed lungs, sudden violent outbursts and the use of profanity. *See also: Parcellsitis, Bob Knight's Condition or Bataan Death March.*

Controlachondriac

Ewing's Discharge: The inability to stop guaranteeing a championship victory, even when one is not imminent.

Exposurephilia: Victims of this dread disease find their athletic ability diminishes after making more TV commercials than the "Taco Bell" Chihuahua. Symptoms include a rash of sneaker ads which leads to increased head swelling, followed by decreased interest in practice, resulting in an inability to live up to their TV commercial image. *See also: Kordell Stewart.*

Fan Cramps: Nausea, anger and disgust at team owners during ticket price hikes and player sell-offs. Such ailments can result in widespread absenteeism.

Glowcoma: Temporary blindness stemming from the glare of bright colors and garish, swirling symbols suffered by the unfortunate soul who has to cover Dennis Rodman all night.

Glowcoma

Goalie's Gout: Hockey goalie's uncontrollable squatting after the game is over. May prove beneficial during diarrhea season.

Hoops Fan Holdout Derangement: Temporary insanity suffered by basketball fans who actually missed the NBA during the strike.

Invisible Dad Syndrome: Unexplainable disappearance of pro athletes from the children they sire out of wedlock. *See also: NBA.*

Jaund-ass: Strikes place-kickers when opposing kick returners break free of the special team's coverage. If the kicker is the only player between returner and the end zone, he immediately turns yellow with fear and falls on his ass while making a lame attempt at a tackle.

Jordan's Virus: A pathogen which infects the player's ego causing him to believe he is above the game, and thus

try to hold an entire league hostage while he repeatedly mulls over retirement. Symptoms include demanding final say over coaches and fellow teammates.

King's Hair Kink Outbreak: An allergic reaction to honest boxing promotion in which every hair follicle stands on end.

Limey's Disease: The sensation of weakness and dread one has upon seeing a large contingent of British soccer fans coming their way.

McGwireophelia: The compulsion to hug everyone. Often follows the desire to crush baseballs out of parks.

Me-opia: An affliction suffered by entertainers who so crave being in the spotlight that they buy front row seats so as to always be on camera. The only known cure is to turn the camera away from them. *See Spike Lee and Jack Nicholson.*

Millionaire's Lumbago: A common ailment among professional athletes in which they suffer severe lower back pain due to the ever-increasing weight of their wallets.

Millionaire's Lumbago

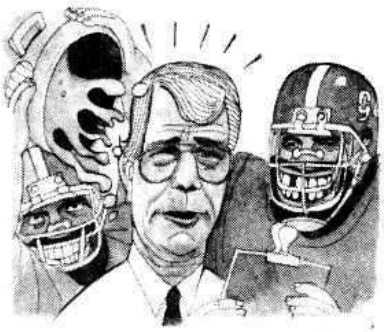
Moss Distension: Found in NFL rookie receivers; with each spectacular catch, a player's head begins to expand until it can no longer get bigger. Could eventually lead to "Exposurekill."

Muresan Back: An intense pain down the spine of basketball players ten-feet tall and over caused from stooping over to reach the hoop.

NASCARPHOBIA: Feelings of dread found in women as their husbands and boyfriends metamorphose into truck-driving, jeans-wearing, beer-swilling, Skynard-listening, Jeff Gordon-watching zealots. For treatment, move north of the Mason-Dixon line.

Nike Plague: The imprinting of the Nike Swoosh upon the cornea due to overexposure on equipment, on TV, in magazines, on ballpark walls, basketball arena floors, uniforms, helmets, tattoos, and—oh, yeah—sneakers. There is no cure. You will be assimilated. *See also: The Borg.*

Olympic Dysfunction: An incurable disease among members of the Olympic Committee. Symptoms include demanding bribes from city officials who want to host the Olympics. Highly contagious.



Orange Scalp

Orange Scalp: A condition where the hair of the Super Bowl-winning coach turns a bright orange, caused by repeated Gatorade showers.

Playerspeak: Players suffer from a malady compelling them to spout such overused clichés as, "I have to play within myself," and "I'm taking it one game at a time." *See also: Coachspeak.*

Raider Relocation Disorder: Disorientation among fans and athletes over which city to travel to for the next home game due to the increasing trend in relocating sports franchises at the drop of the hat.

Referee: One who suffers from an ocular disease which renders the victim incapable of deducing whether a receiver has both feet in bounds, or if the ball has crossed the end zone. Usually accompanied by earaches caused by the ranting and raving of players and coaches.

Remote Thumb

Remote Thumb: Swollen, aching thumb caused by home viewers trying to find another game to watch during the seemingly endless barrage of commercial time-outs.

Restaurant Inflammation: Uncontrollable urge by star athletes to throw a drink in the face of an unwanted autograph hound while dining. The ailment usually goes into remission after the athlete spends a day in court.

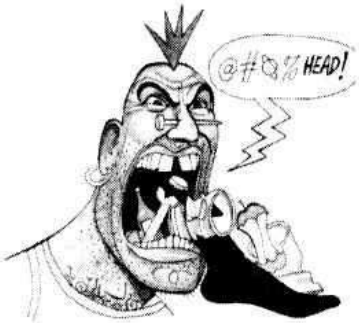
Schott-For-Brain: An affliction suffered by owners and players alike. It is the inability to stop one's self from constantly insulting a person or a race of people. *See also: Reggie White*

Seikely Cycle: A player who is paid millions to play once every other week.

Shaq Mouth: Bizarre mental illness that convinces star basketball players that just because they can dunk they can also cut rap albums and act in movies. Treatment is administered through forced viewings of Shaquille O'Neal's classic film, "Kazaam!"

SIDS (Sudden Intelligence Deficiency Syndrome): Common delusion found among millions of golfers that they can duplicate Tiger Woods' phenomenal success simply by buying his endorsed golf shoes, clubs, clothes, balls and credit cards. Usually followed by severe emotional disillusionment when they go out and *still* suck.

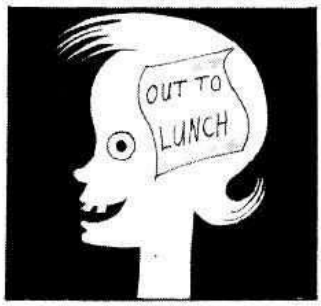
Skoaliosis: Swelling of the gum and cheek, and uncontrollable spitting and/or dribbling of brown gooey wads. Symptoms arise when the afflicted steps onto a baseball field.



Unlocked-Jaw

Unlocked-jaw: An uncontrollable flapping of the lips and tongue before, during and after a game, usually directed at another player named "Yo Mama."

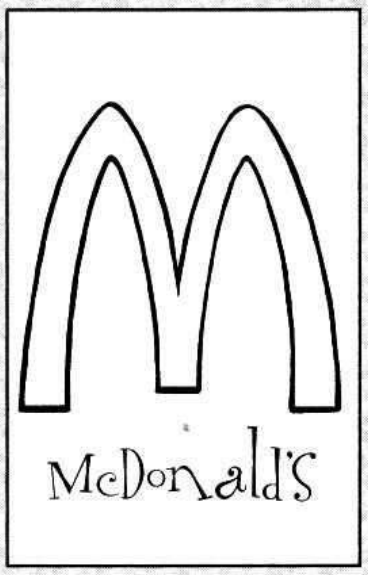
Wimbletonitis: A gradual upturn of a tennis player's nose as Wimbleton nears. The player loses all control of his/her humility before getting on the court because the player actually believes most people care about tennis.

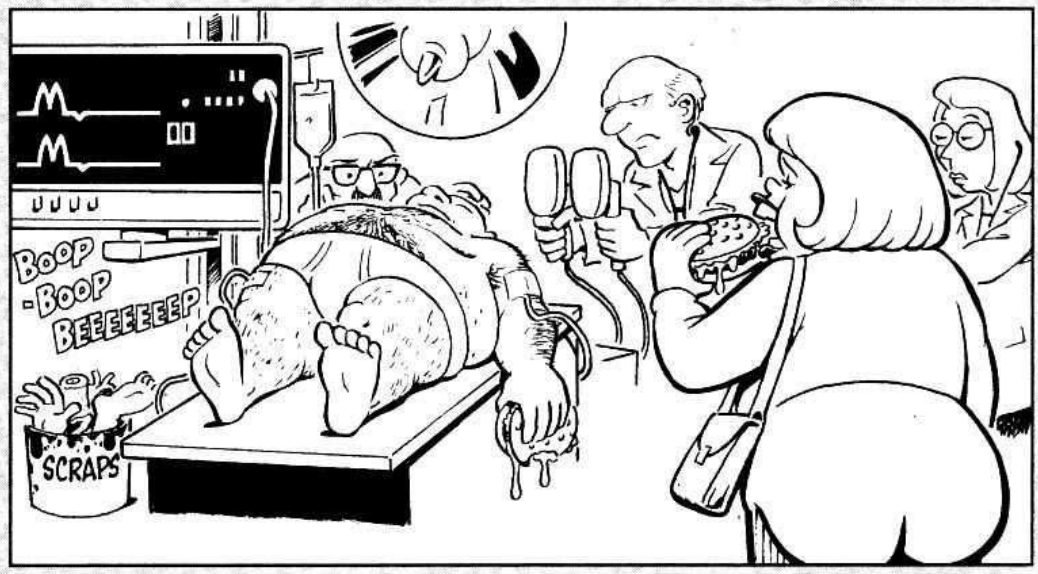


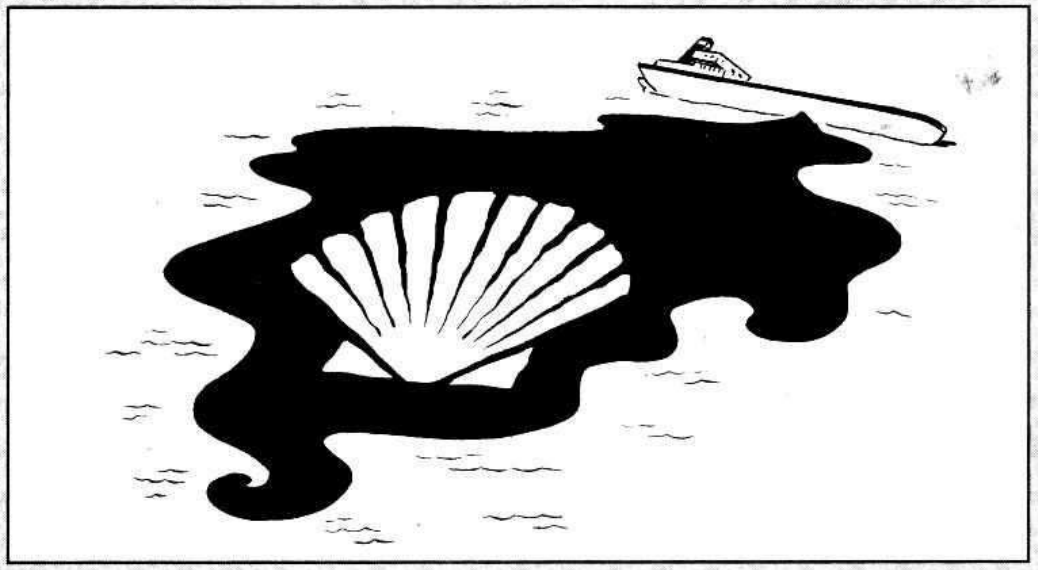
X-Game X-Ray Fallout

X-Game X-Ray Fallout: Radioactive damage to human tissue cells from repeated hospital x-rays for the often-

Corporate logos are designed to make one think of a particular company. For example, when you see , you automatically think of price gouging. Then you think of Nike. It's an ingenious bit of brainwashing. But we're so brainwashed, we sometimes can't help seeing logos where the corporations definitely wouldn't want us seeing them. Places that are eerily appropriate. For example, look carefully at the following pictures. Turn them upside down, sideways and even right side up, and see if you can...

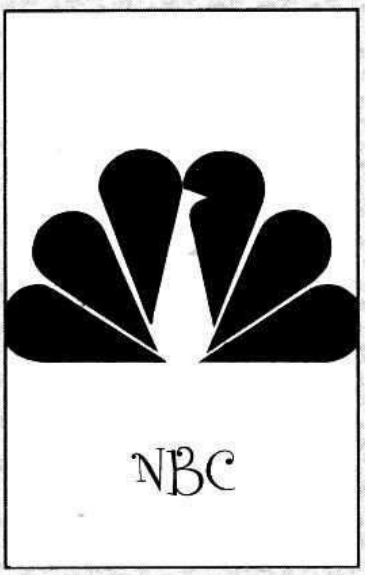


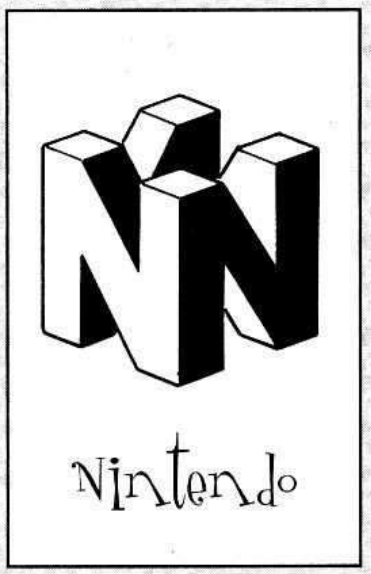


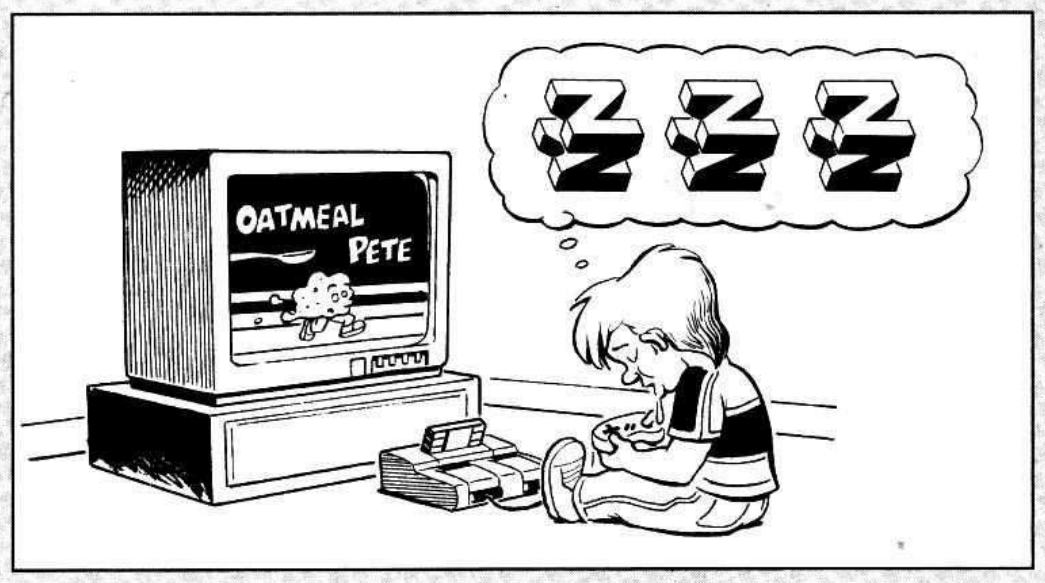


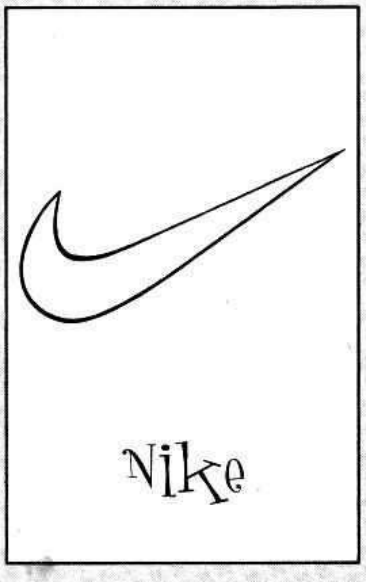
Spot the Corporate Logos

WRITER: GREG GRABIANSKI ARTIST: PETE FITZGERALD





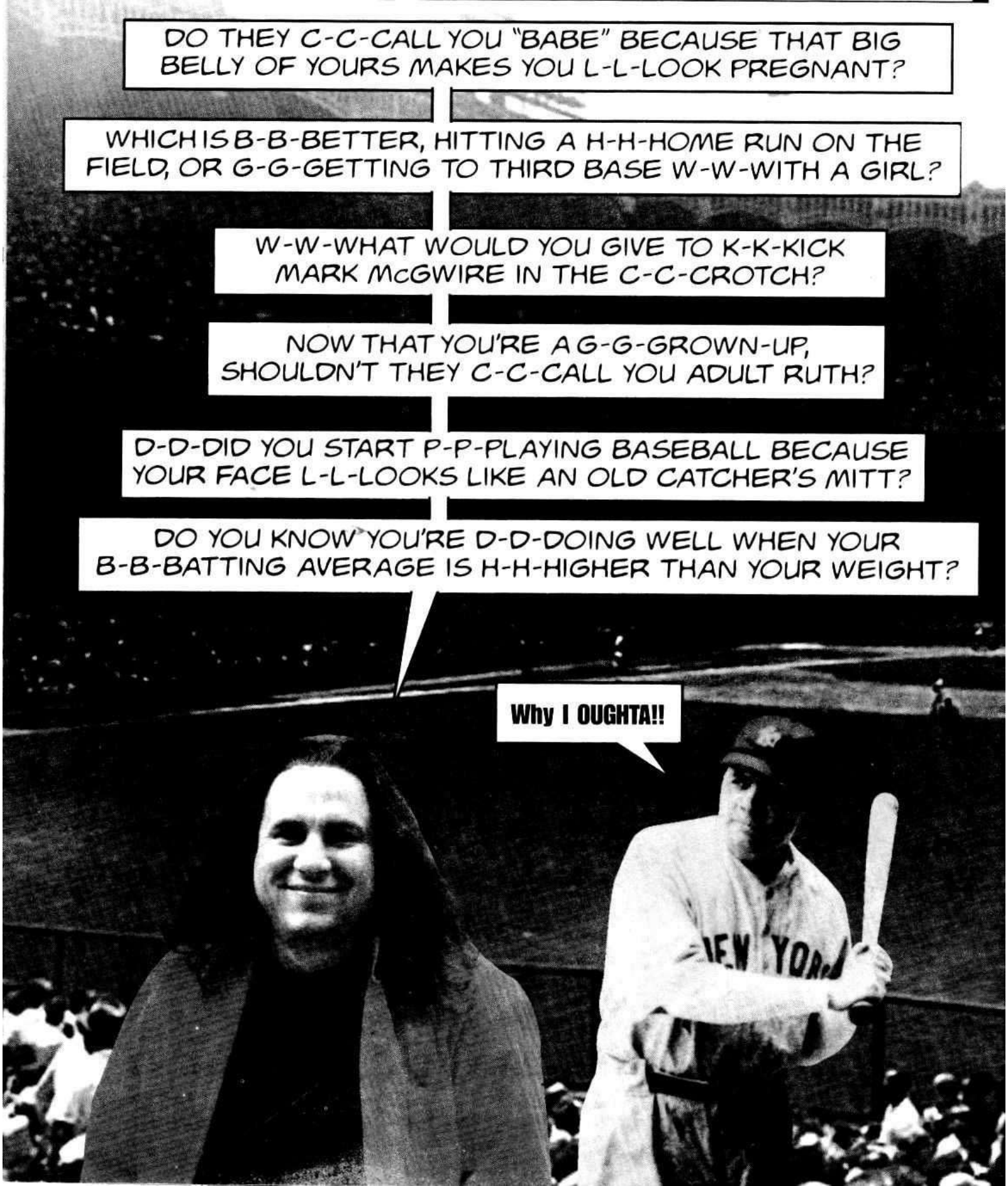




Stuttering John's Historical Interviews

Babe Ruth

WRITER: MIKE MORSE • PHOTOGRAPHER: JOHN HALPERN



Government Regulations Through the Ages

WRITER: JESSIE SHIMON • ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

SEVERIN

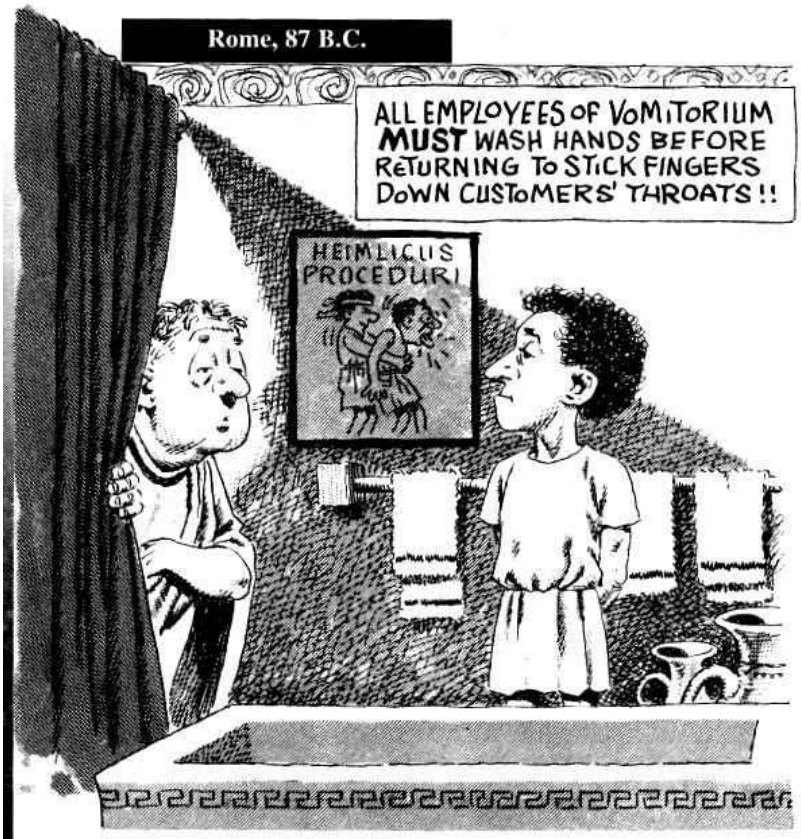
In The Beginning...

"And the Lord appeared unto Adam and Eve and thus ordered them forth from the Garden of Eden, but not without the necessary paperwork nor the properly stamped travel passports, signed and sealed by the required government officials, and not before urging Adam and Eve to leave a sticker on each forbidden fruit as a warning to all those who might voyage into the Garden of Eden on vacation, a warning that this poisonous fruit could potentially kill, and if not kill, then potentially cause severe diarrhea..." (Genesis 2:4)

Egypt, 13th Century B.C.

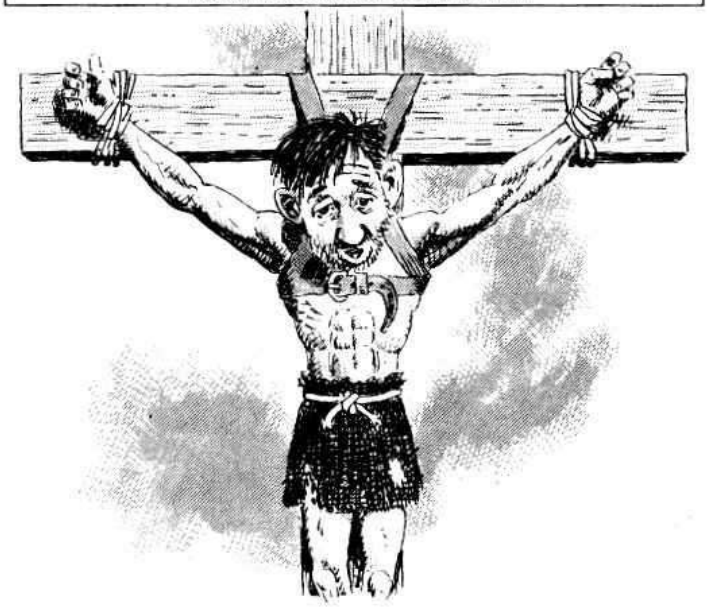
"And Moses stretched out his hands and parted the waters of the Red Sea, and the Children of Palestine walked into the shallow water and did so carefully, stepping out before an array of lifeguards provided by the state of Palestine, paid for with tax dollars, furnished to save lives and to signal with their whistles adult swim time..." (Exodus 14:15)

Rome, 87 B.C.



Jerusalem, 33 A.D.

ANY MAN WHO IS CRUCIFIED FOR A CRIME AGAINST OUR KINGDOM MUST BE PROPERLY HARNESSED BY A SEAT-BELT TO PREVENT SLIPPAGE OR CHAFING BEFORE MAKING THEIR JOURNEY INTO THE NEXT WORLD. ALL VIOLATORS WILL BE CRUCIFIED. AGAIN.
- ROMAN LAW 6332-3444.1 (D)

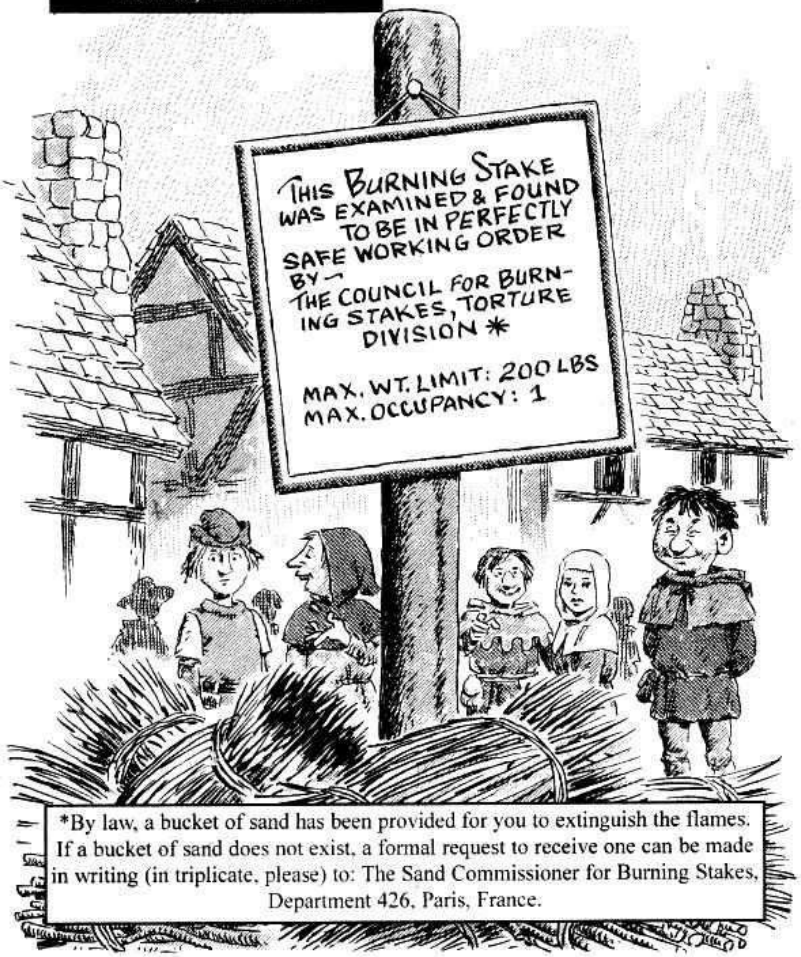


Greenland, 769 A.D.

Japan, 1012 A.D.

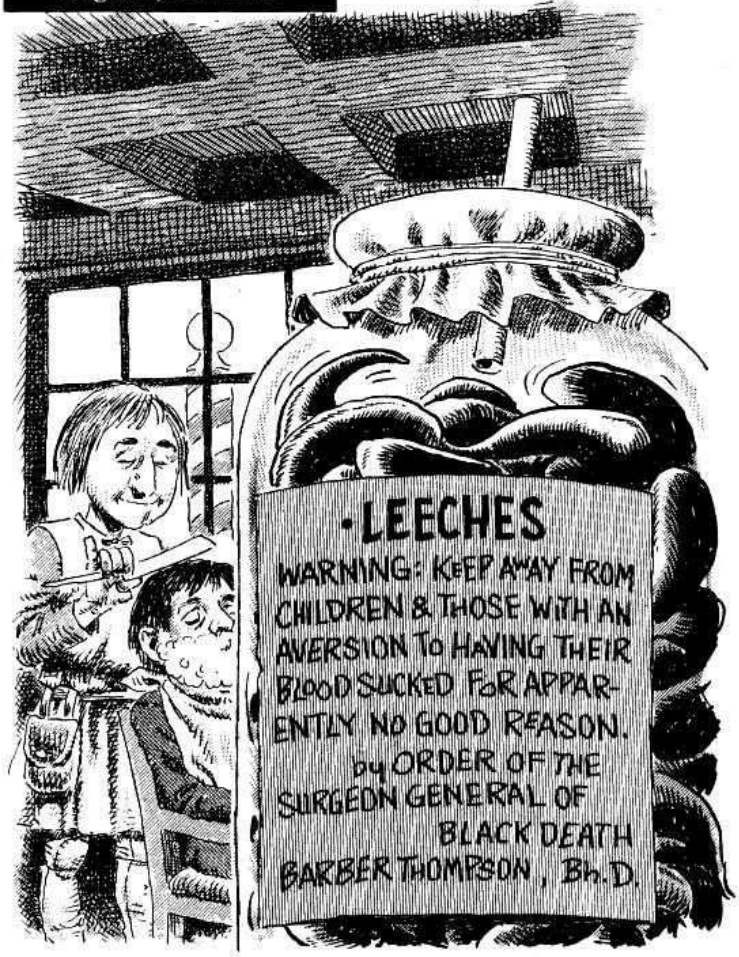
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE BLIND: AIM TOWARD VICTIM'S HEAD. SWING WILDLY. REPEAT. TO COMMIT SUICIDE, PLUNGE SWORD DIRECTLY INTO BELLY. PROCEED TO SCREAM.

France, 1431 A.D.

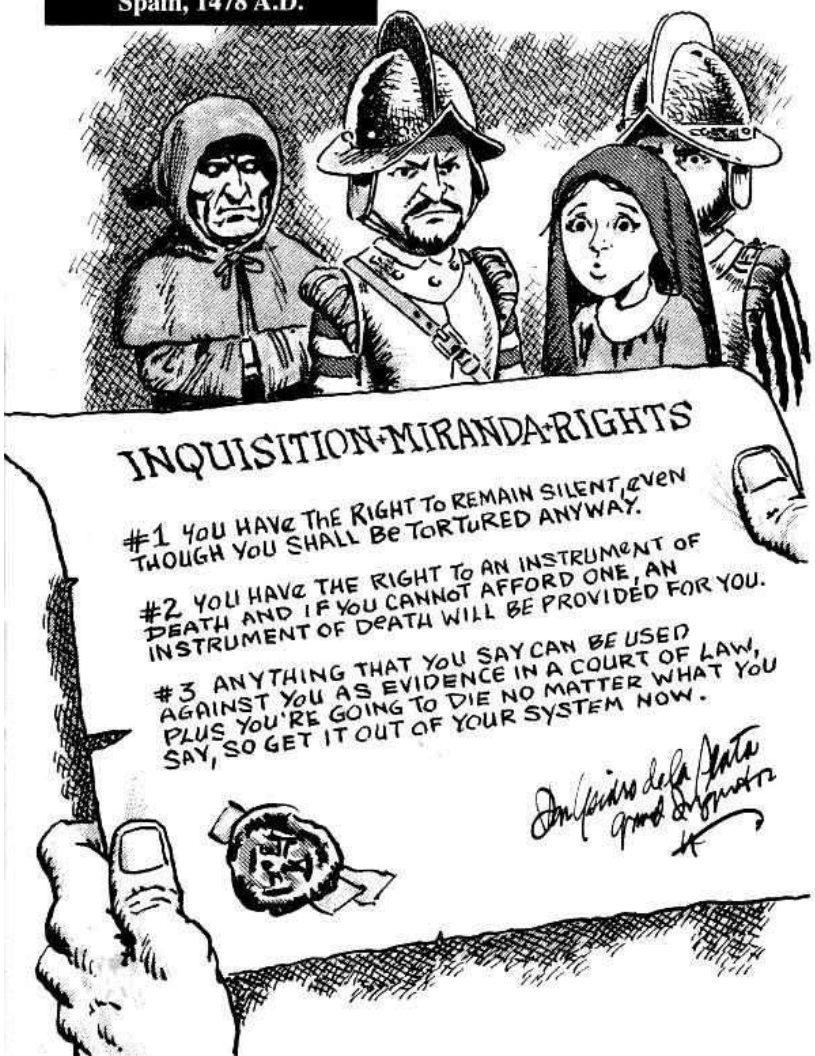


*By law, a bucket of sand has been provided for you to extinguish the flames. If a bucket of sand does not exist, a formal request to receive one can be made in writing (in triplicate, please) to: The Sand Commissioner for Burning Stakes, Department 426, Paris, France.

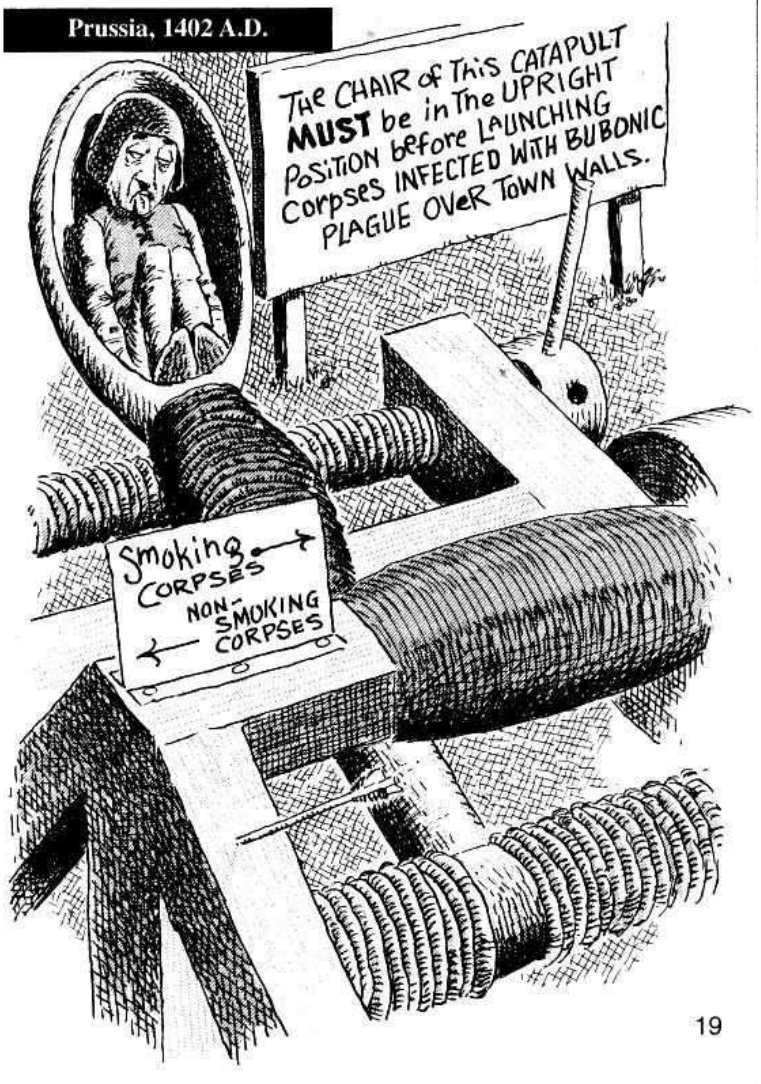
England, 1394 A.D.



Spain, 1478 A.D.



Prussia, 1402 A.D.

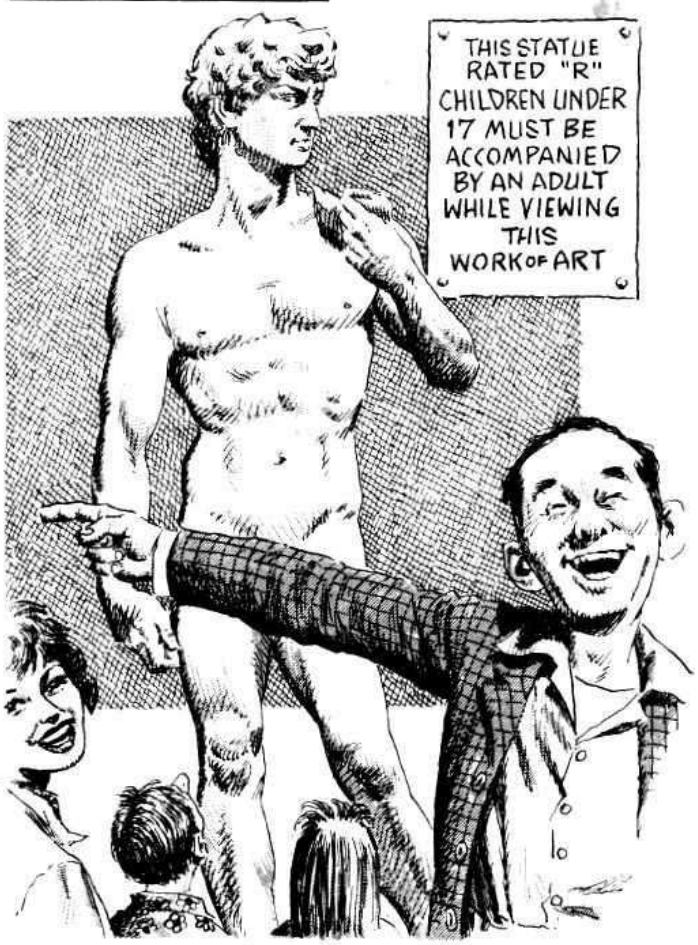


Tenochtitlán, 1518 A.D.

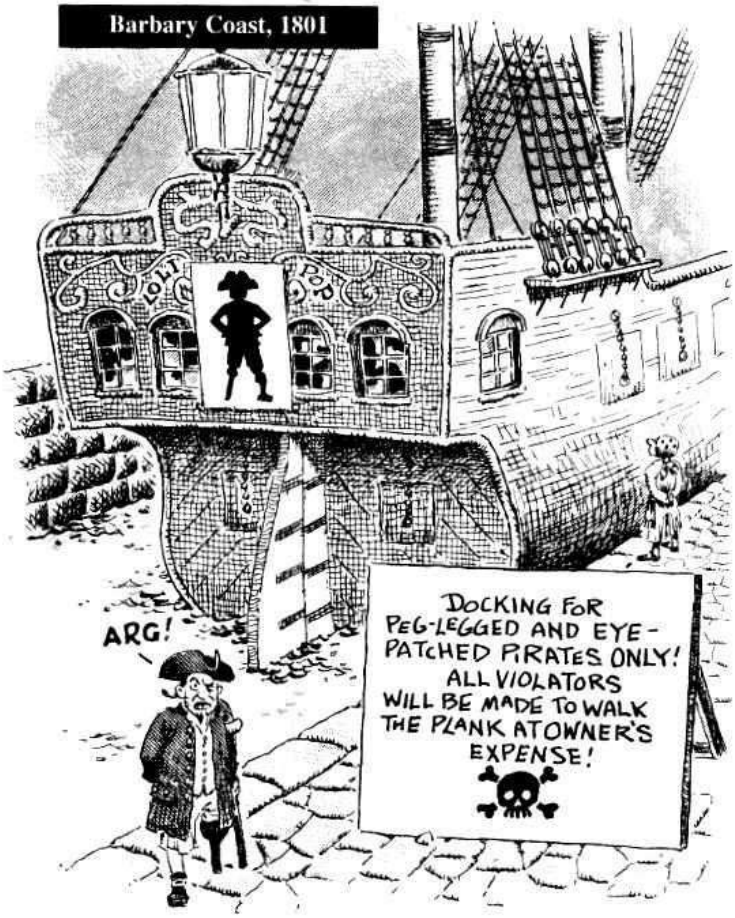
Aztec Rule #23-14A

All food sacrifices shall be examined by a food-sacrifice inspector for freshness and for disease before being offered up to our gods. Similarly, all sacrifices shall be attended by a licensed member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for the assurance that no animals shall be hurt, only killed, during the making of this sacrificial offering.

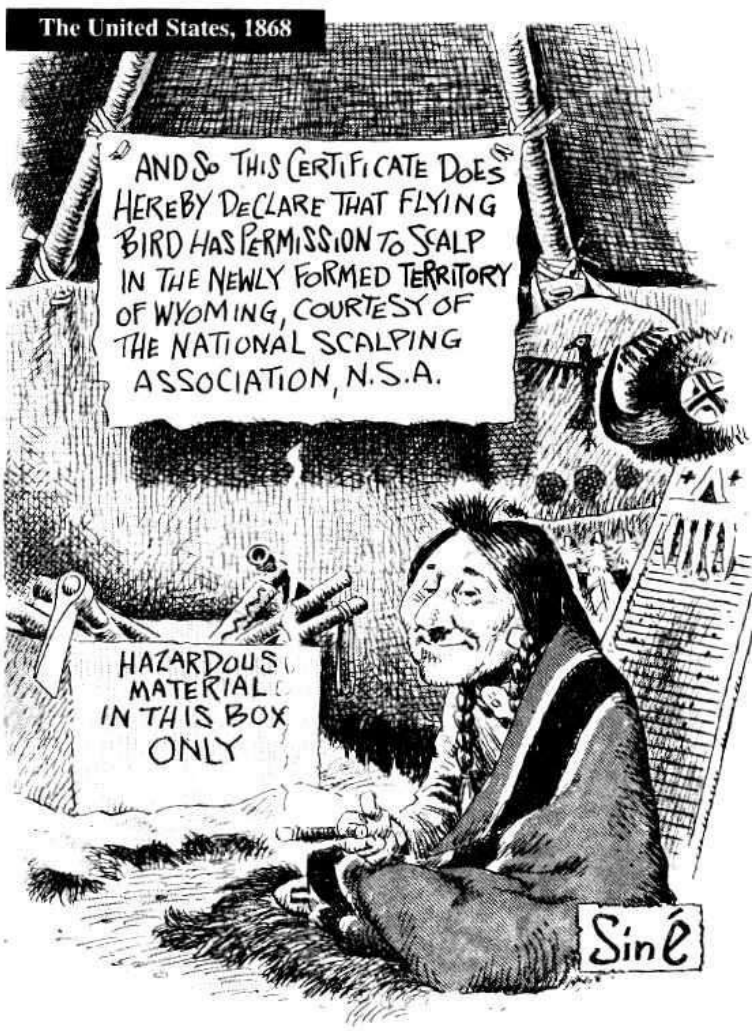
Rome, 1999



Barbary Coast, 1801

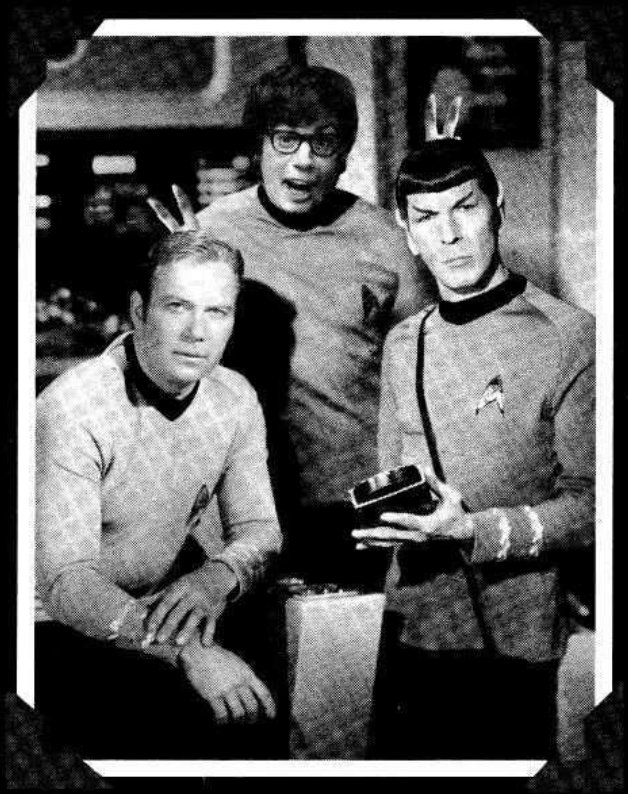


The United States, 1868



A peek inside AUSTIN POWERS' Scrapbook

ARTIST & WRITER: GUNNAR JOHNSON



I met my mates Billy Shatner and Lenny Nimoy at one of Hef's Playboy Mansion parties and they invited me to the "Star Trek" set back in '66. Lenny gave me one of those groovy velour pullovers. Live long and shag, baby!

I went to the moon in '69, but all those horny alien chicks Bill Shatner's always shagging were nowhere, man! All I found was that rancid old square Dr. Evil.

I sure didn't see this one coming when I was undercover in Dallas back in '63. Luckily I had my Swedish bits & pieces enlarger pump in me vest pocket to deflect that magic bullet.

What a gas it was making the scene with those randy cats, Jack and Bobby. Ask not what Marilyn Monroe can do for you, baby! Oh behave!

That old Soviet sod Lenny Brezhnev was a cheeky chap. Here he's saying "why nyet" when I ask him if he wants to pick up a couple of horny birds at the Swedish embassy with me. Da, baby, da!

Never ask a Buddhist monk for a light just before he's about to protest the Vietnam war, baby! Martyr-delic!

I snapped the Fabs' groovy "Sgt. Pepper" cover back in '67. I even came up with the title, but Paul insisted on replacing "shagadelic" with "lonely hearts". He's a nice bloke but a bit of a square when it comes to swinging!

This is me from my undercover assignment after the Bay Of Pigs. Fidel-baby had his mojo working in a Marxist-overthrow-the-corrupt-puppet-government-and-never-bathe kind of way that the chicks really dug.

Every year, technological advances help make professional sports easier for the athletes who participate in them. Just think how many home runs Babe Ruth would have hit if steroids, pine tar and Richard Simmons' Deal-A-Meal had been around back then. Even now, inventors are busy creating new athletic products, and we are proud to announce these...

SPORTS EQUIPMENT BREAKTHROUGHS

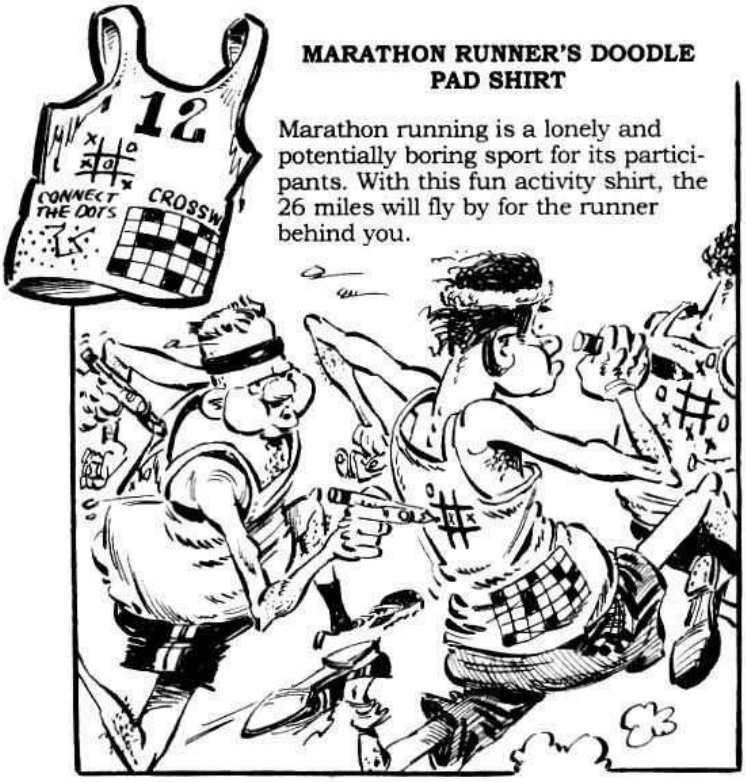
Written by that old sport Mike Morse — *Drawn by Bruce 'Runs like a girl' Bolinger*

RIGHT FIELDER'S GLOVE ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM

Being stuck in right field used to mean hours of standing around with nothing to do. But with this amazing mitt, you can play a CD, watch your favorite sitcom, or even tune in the game on the radio so you can find out what's happening in the infield!

MARATHON RUNNER'S DOODLE PAD SHIRT

Marathon running is a lonely and potentially boring sport for its participants. With this fun activity shirt, the 26 miles will fly by for the runner behind you.

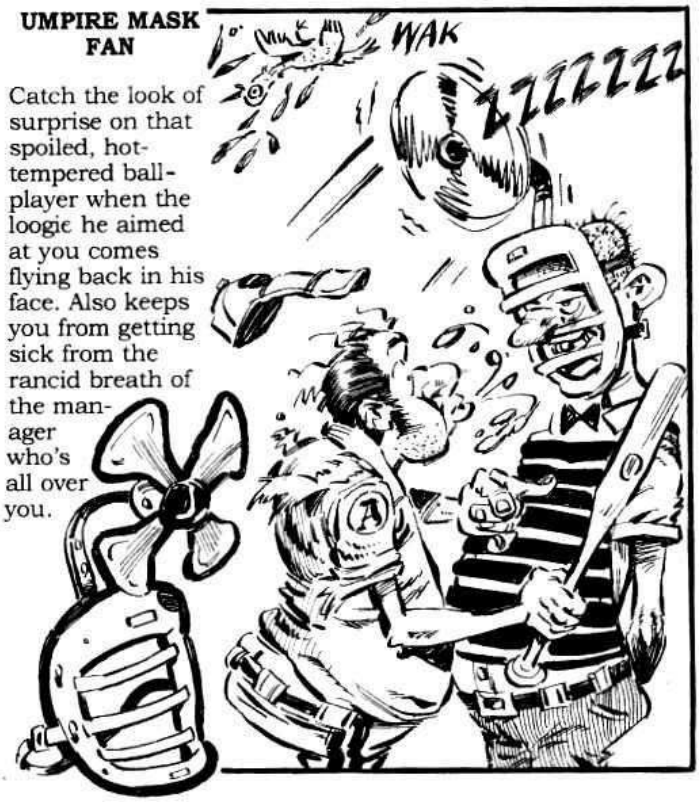


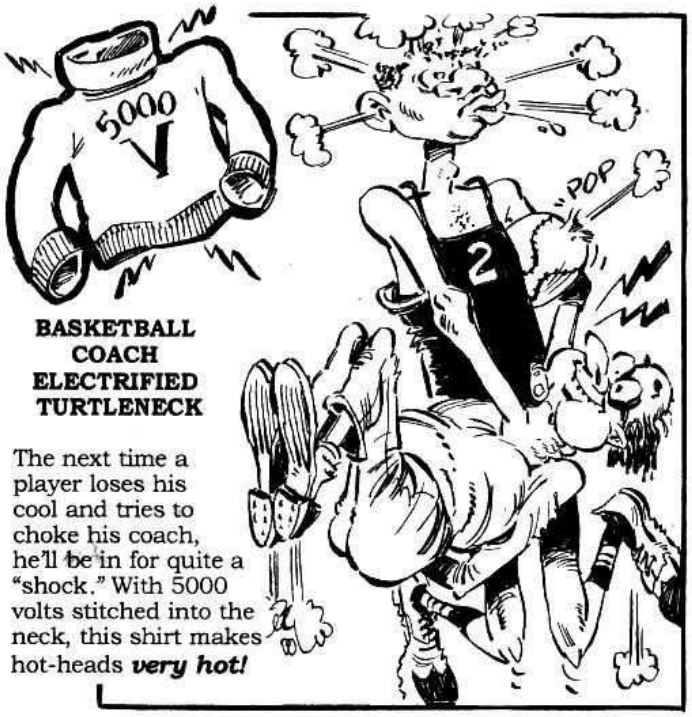
"HANDY HELPER" SOCCER SHOES

Sure, there are some parts of your body you can't use while playing soccer, but wearing these shoes will give you a real "hands up" advantage on the field.

UMPIRE MASK FAN

Catch the look of surprise on that spoiled, hot-tempered ball-player when the loogie he aimed at you comes flying back in his face. Also keeps you from getting sick from the rancid breath of the manager who's all over you.





BASKETBALL COACH ELECTRIFIED TURTLENECK

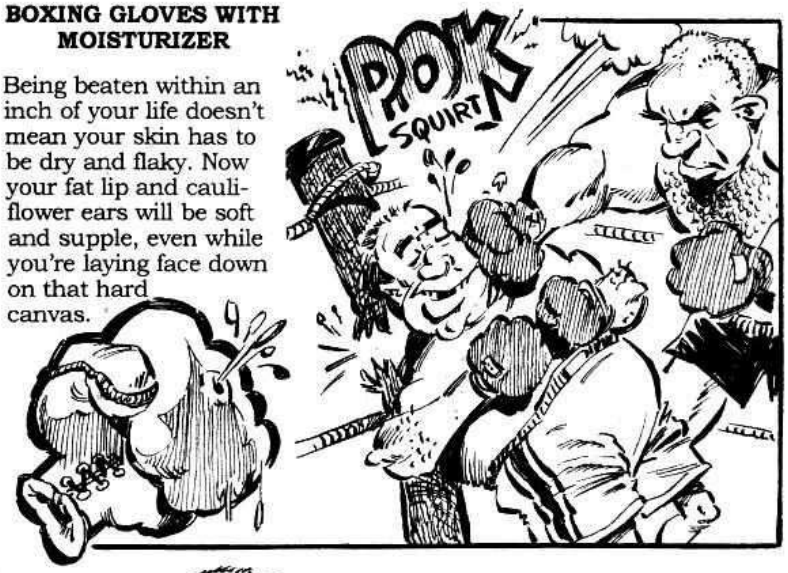
The next time a player loses his cool and tries to choke his coach, he'll be in for quite a "shock." With 5000 volts stitched into the neck, this shirt makes hot-heads ***very hot!***

"PERFECT GAME, EVERY GAME" BOWLING BALL

Who needs skill when this specially-designed ball guarantees a score of 300 no matter how you throw it.

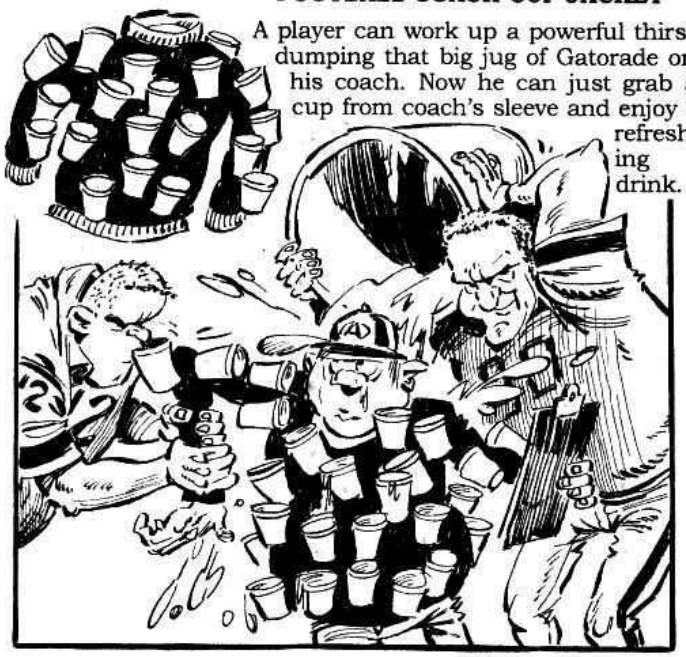
BOXING GLOVES WITH MOISTURIZER

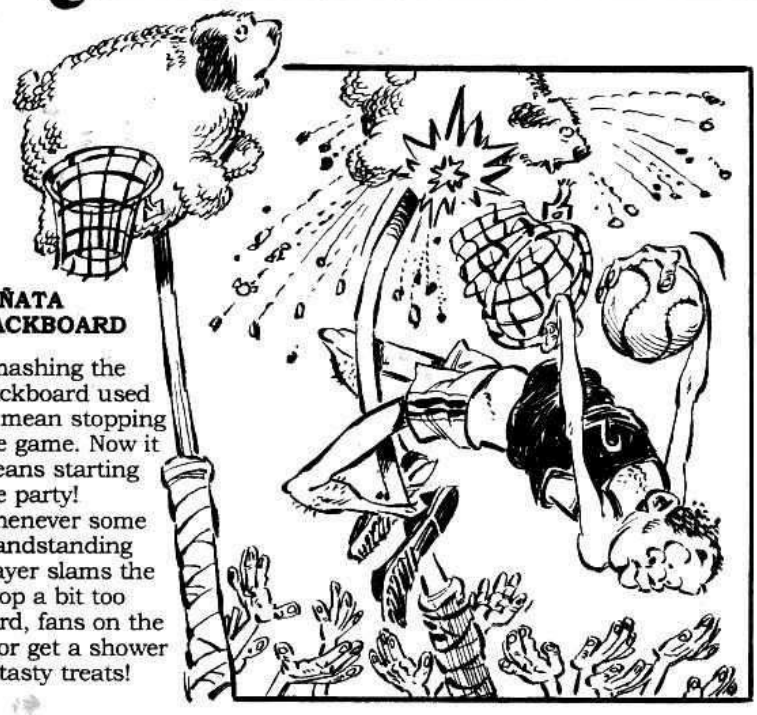
Being beaten within an inch of your life doesn't mean your skin has to be dry and flaky. Now your fat lip and cauliflower ears will be soft and supple, even while you're laying face down on that hard canvas.



FOOTBALL COACH CUP JACKET

A player can work up a powerful thirst dumping that big jug of Gatorade on his coach. Now he can just grab a cup from coach's sleeve and enjoy a refreshing drink.



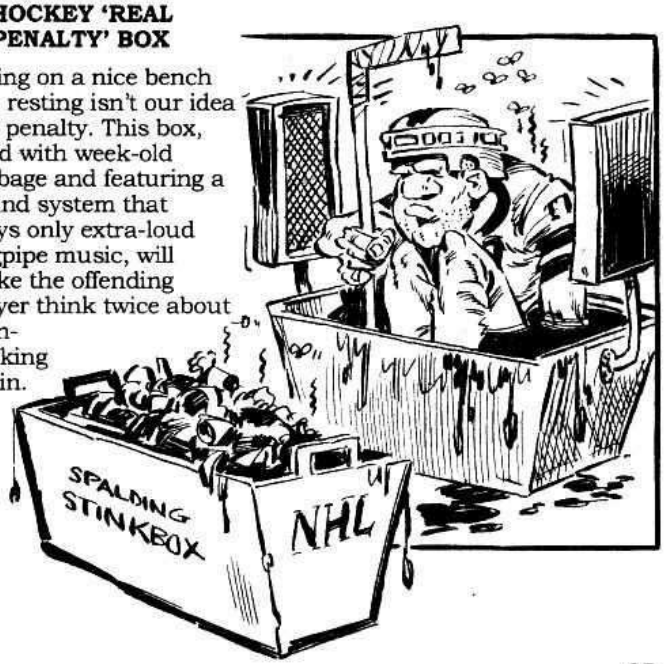


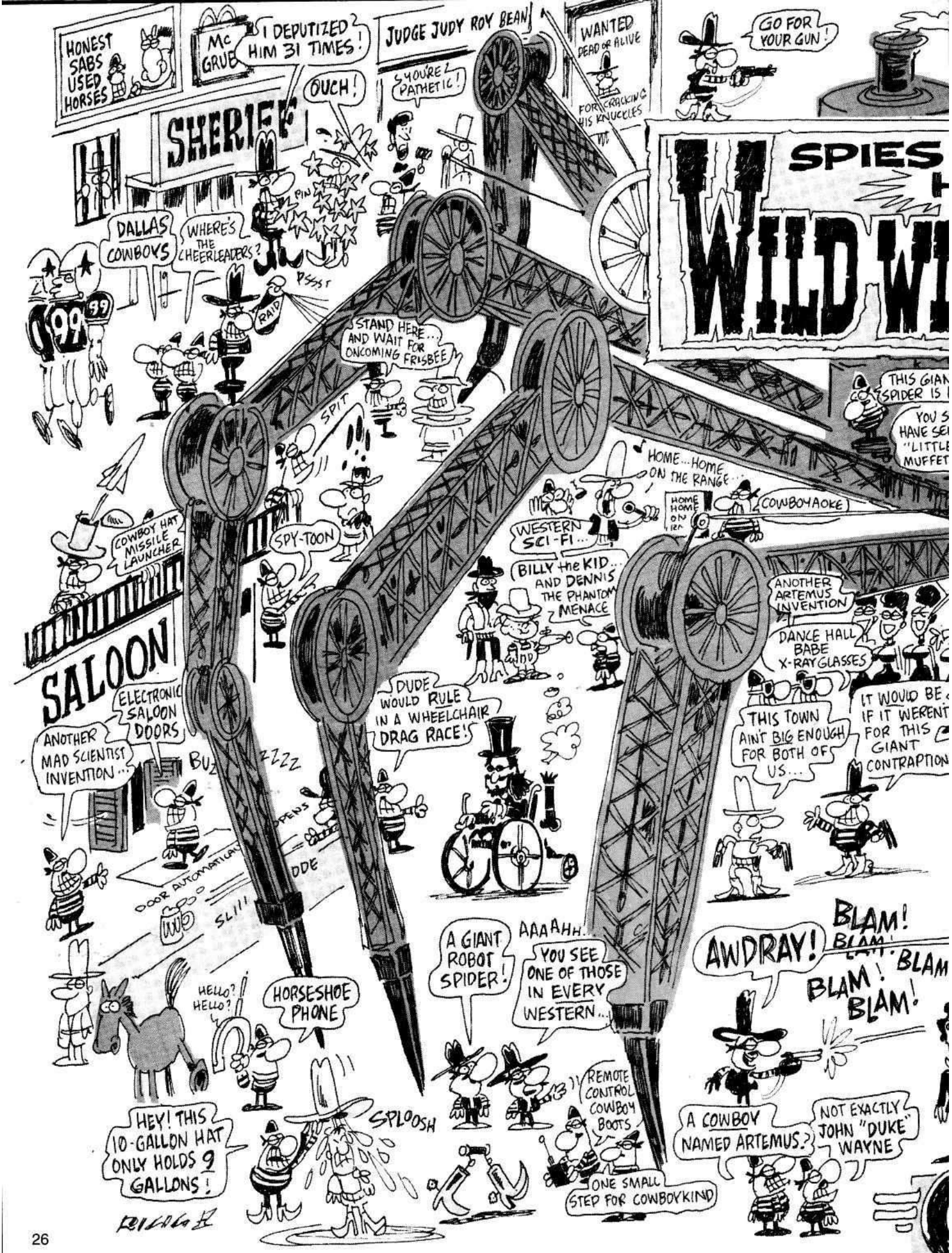
PIÑATA BACKBOARD

Smashing the backboard used to mean stopping the game. Now it means starting the party! Whenever some grandstanding player slams the hoop a bit too hard, fans on the floor get a shower of tasty treats!

HOCKEY 'REAL PENALTY' BOX

Sitting on a nice bench and resting isn't our idea of a penalty. This box, filled with week-old garbage and featuring a sound system that plays only extra-loud bagpipe music, will make the offending player think twice about high-sticking again.




HONEST SABS USED HORSES
Mc GRUB
I DEPUTIZED HIM 31 TIMES!
JUDGE JUDY ROY BEAN
WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE
FOR CRACKING HIS KNUCKLES
GO FOR YOUR GUN!
SHERIFF
OUCH!
SYOU'RE PATHETIC!
SPIES
WILD WI
DALLAS COWBOYS
WHERE'S THE CHEERLEADERS?
PIN
PSSST
RAID
STAND HERE... AND WAIT FOR ONCOMING FRISBEE
SPIT
THIS GIAN SPIDER IS
YOU S HAVE SE "LITTLE MUFFET
HOME...HOME ON THE RANGE...
HOME HOME ON
COWBOYAOKE
COWBOY HAT MISSILE LAUNCHER
SPY-TOON
WESTERN SCI-FI...
BILLY the KID... AND DENNIS THE PHANTOM MENACE
ANOTHER ARTEMUS INVENTION
DANCE HALL BABE X-RAY GLASSES
SALOON
ELECTRONIC SALOON DOORS
ANOTHER MAD SCIENTIST INVENTION...
BU
ZZZZ
DUDE WOULD RULE IN A WHEELCHAIR DRAG RACE!
THIS TOWN AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US...
IT WOULD BE IF IT WERENT FOR THIS GIANT CONTRAPTION
PENS
DDE
DOOR AUTOMATICALLY
SLI!!
A GIANT ROBOT SPIDER!
AAAAHH
YOU SEE ONE OF THOSE IN EVERY WESTERN...
AWDRAY!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
HELLO? HELLO?
HORSESHOE PHONE
REMOTE CONTROL COWBOY BOOTS
SPLOOSH
HEY! THIS 10-GALLON HAT ONLY HOLDS 9 GALLONS!
A COWBOY NAMED ARTEMUS?
NOT EXACTLY JOHN "DUKE" WAYNE
ONE SMALL STEP FOR COWBOYKIND

JERRY! JERRY! JER JERRY!
WHISKEY JACK'S
WHERE MEN ARE MEN !!
JERRY! JERRY!
WHIP
CRASH
WHO STARTED THIS BAR ROOM BRAWL?
JERRY SPRINGER REVEALED ONE OF THEM WAS A WOMAN!
AND SABS IT THE LD WEST
ANOTHER INVENTION
THE DUAL COWBOY HAT/BRA
ROBOT ORMOUS!
ULD THE MISS ROBOT
I GOTTA GET ME ONE OF THESE
TWIRL TWIRL
TWIRL
LASSOs R' US
RATTLE RATTLE
HOW DO YOU STOP THIS COMPUTER HERD OF BUFFALO?
BACK TO THE FUTURAMA
MORE WESTERN SCI-FI...
THE LONE ROBOT...
AND ARTOO-DETONTO
BEEP... KEEMOSABI!
REMOVE THEIR BUFFALO CHIPS
SPROINGGGG
EJECTOR SADDLE
BUILT USING KING KONG'S ERECTOR SET...
RUMBLE
YEEEHA! RIDE 'EM COWBOY!
WERE IN A STAR WARS ARTICLE!
UH... NO...
UH... THAT WAS "DRAW" IN PIG LATIN...
OH... COUGH
COUGH
VIRTUAL REALITY RODEO!
HIT WILL SMITH WITH MY JELLO-GUN!
GETTIN' JIGGLY WITH IT...
DRAW
DON'T DRAW
MONSTER CAR STAGECOACH
BACK A LITTLE FURTHER
BACK BACK

THE REALLY WILD WILD WEST

WRITER: LOU MOTSON • ARTIST: DON OREHEK

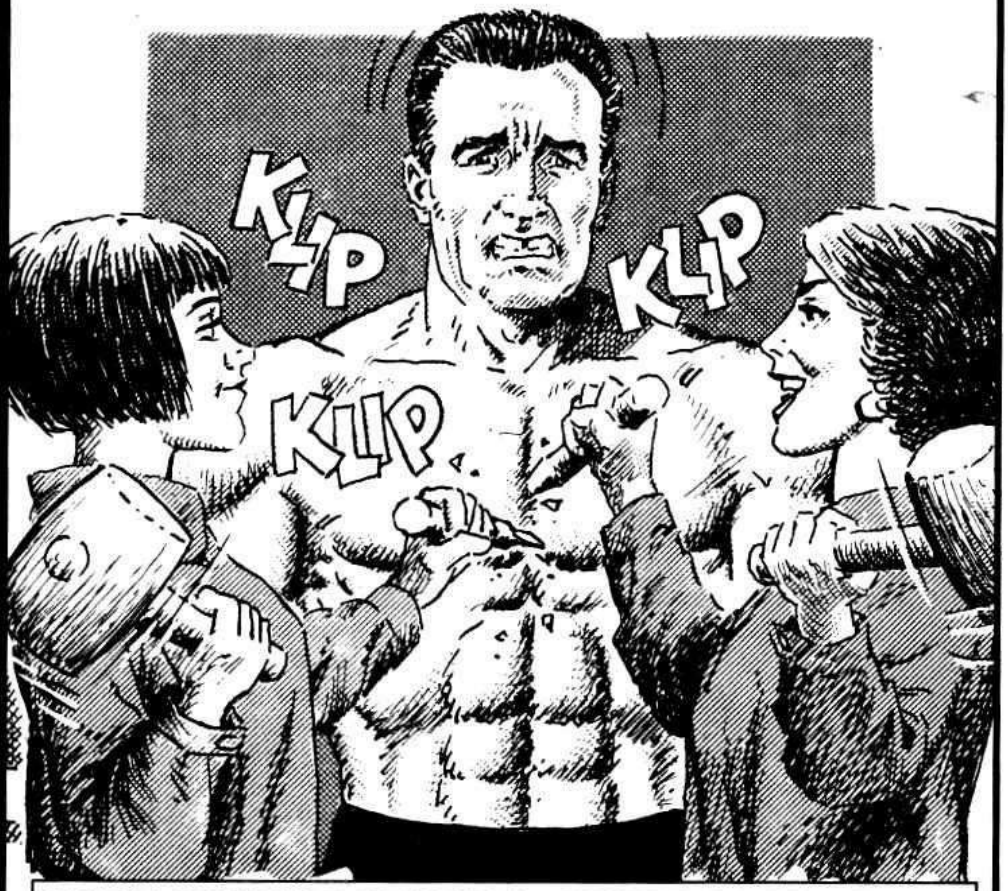
MUSCULAR PINHEAD

Shiny Pages that Let You Admire Your Reflection While Reading

Another I-Can-Read Magazine. No words over 2 Syllables-Guaranteed! (Oops!)

Sept. 1999 $2.99 or .003 pounds in coins

Arnold's Secret to a Chiseled Chest



MORE MUSCLE-BEATING, HEART-SHATTERING, FLESH-EXPLODING, BONE-DISINTEGRATING EXERCISES TO MAKE YOU FEEL GREAT!

—In This Issue—

- "Where did my wee-wee go?" and other commonly asked questions from steroid users
- 300 Pages (12 that aren't ads)
- Now More Bulging, Leathery Freaks!

This month's mystery gender contest:
Bodybuilder Terry Misinglinck, Male or Female?

Look, a woman! Guys, hopefully this makes you feel less embarrassed and funny about buying a magazine full of nothing but oily, half-naked men.

WRITER: GREG GRABIANSKI • ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

EDITORIAL

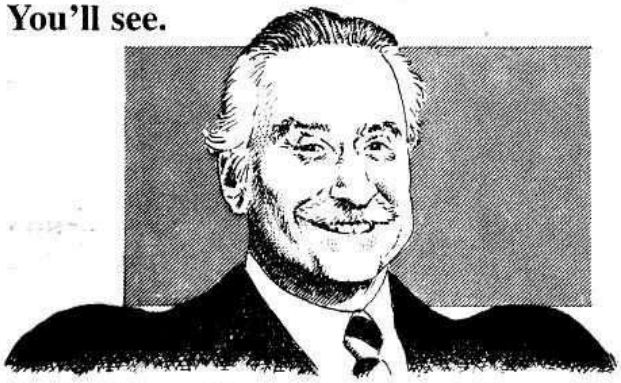
Don't Look at Me, You Fat, Bloated Pathetic Piece of Crap

By Joe Weiner, The Master Bastard, Trainer of Champions Since 1813.

People marvel at how good I look at age 244. It's because of my years of training and healthy living. I eat nothing but the outer shell-casings of bird seeds and workout 23, sometimes 24 hours a day. That is the only way to fully enjoy life.

In fact, I'm in such good physical condition, I can't die. I relish the pleasurable tingling of my daily brain hemorrhage. I enjoy having friends fire high-caliber rifles at my heart. My gargantuan pectoral muscles stop the bullet then grind it up and absorb it into my bloodstream as a mineral supplement.

Abe Lincoln once asked me why I love to lift. I told him a life of fitness gives you mental balance and a sense of well-being. Out-of-shape people don't understand that. That's why I want to bash their heads in, yank out their bones and stomp the fatty slime they call their bodies into the pavement. That mental clarity is why I wrap my head in tinfoil and wear Kleenex boxes on my feet. It's so the fat-rays emanating from the earth can't get me. They'll get you, but not me. You'll see.



"Strive for excellence, exceed yourself, speak the truth, practice fidelity and honor your mother and father. These principles plus the muscle enhancers advertised on every other page of this magazine make you strong and put you on the path to greatness. And if that doesn't work, threaten to rip people's guts out if they don't say you're great!"

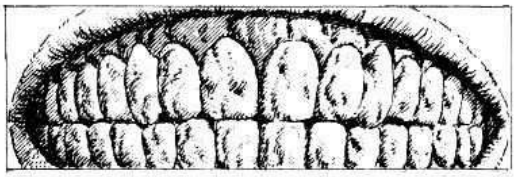
—Joe Weiner, Trainer of Freaks

SUCCESS STORIES

My name is Anabelle Quelch, a wife and mother of two. Before I st.rted reading your magazine, I was 145 pounds. I had no muscle tone. After reading your magazine and seeing the photos of all the physically fit people, I felt awful about myself. I decided to follow your training regimen.

After following the advice in your magazine, I'm now 110 pounds of corded, raw, bulging muscle, with a dark, thick leathery hide, huge veins and a weird, blocky steroid-face. I spent so much time in the gym I was fired from my job. My kids are afraid of me. My husband is repulsed by me and has filed for divorce. I hate you people! You ruined my life! Look at me, I look like a reptile! This letter will serve as my suicide note. Goodbye world!

—Annabelle Quelch
Burbank, CA



Tony Herneah has surpassed conventional bodybuilding perfection and has gone to the next level by achieving what was previously thought to be impossible–muscular teeth!

ADVERTISEMENT

Scientists have discovered a new whey peptide with an extraordinarily low molecular weight called glycomacropeptidedoodookakadannydevitoharmonica. This new polymer enhances muscular maturation and can be found in new Muscle Blow Protein Power Powder.

Translation for readers of this magazine: Big muscle good. This make muscle big. Buy this.

MUSCLE BLOW PROTEIN POWER POWDER

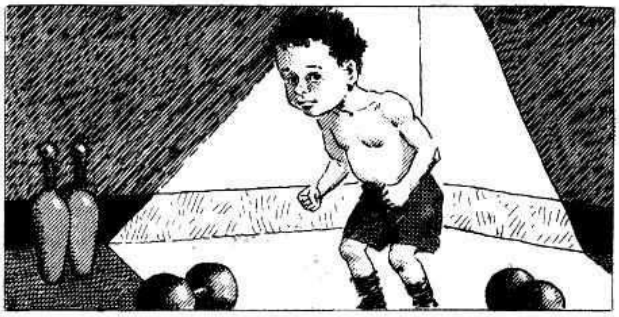
It's 100% safe and effective, according to the scientist appearing in this ad.*

*Of course, he's not a real scientist, just the guy that works at a burrito stand next door. We dressed him up and took his picture. But we know that having some guy in a labcoat in the ad makes you feel better about sticking this worthless crap in your body, so here he is. We can safely say this because we're pretty sure you don't have the reading skills or attention span to make it this far down in the ad.

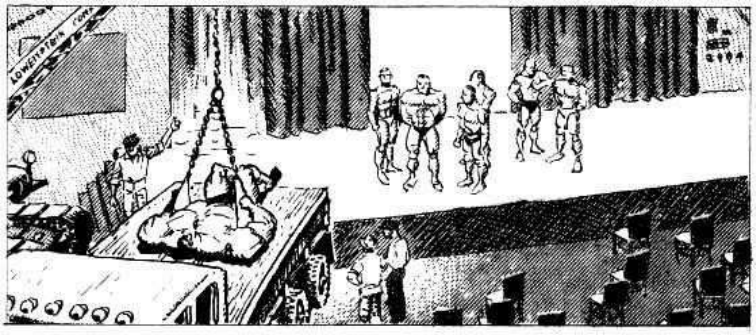
GUNTER WARMFINGER: MUSCULAR PINHEAD'S BODYBUILDER OF THE YEAR!

Gunter Warmfinger is universally regarded as the world's greatest bodybuilder, having achieved the ultimate: the perfect bodybuilder's body.

Gunter has trained every minute of the day since he was three years old. Through dedicated training and drugs still legal in his homeland of Germany, he has managed to all but eliminate the least important part of a bodybuilder's physique: the head.



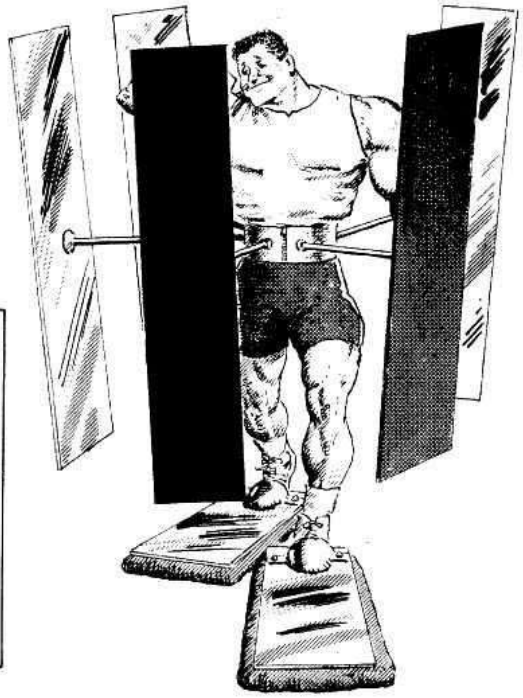
Gunter's arms are 49 inches around and his legs are 66 inches around. He cannot be more perfect. He cannot be outscored in competition. He cannot move. Since his titanic arms and legs prevent all movement, Gunter is brought in on a flat-bed truck for every competition.

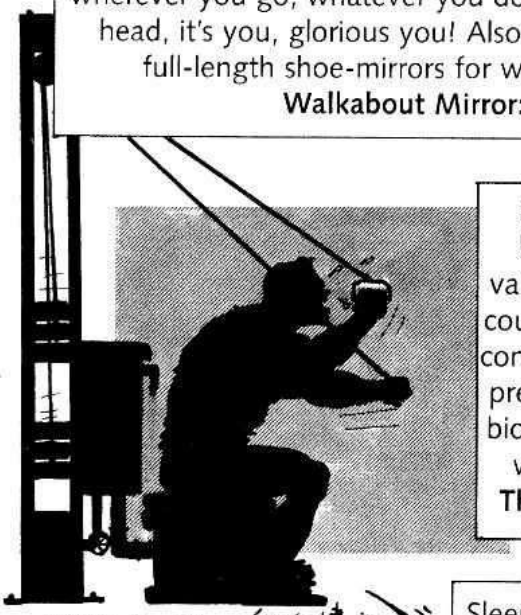


Sadly, tragedy struck when Gunter toppled over at this year's Mr. Olympia competition, crushing eleven spectators in the audience. The tragedy was that his deltoid was scuffed in the incident. But that didn't stop him from competing and winning.

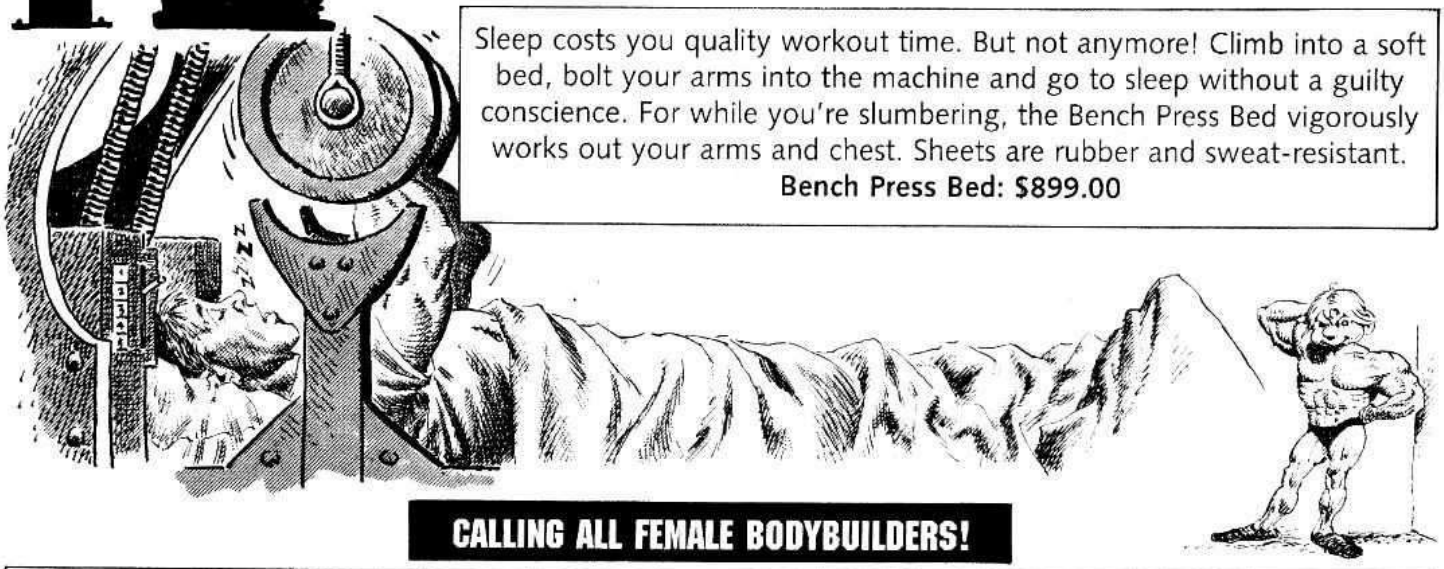
ESSENTIAL TRAINING GEAR

The most important part of bodybuilding is admiring yourself in the mirror. Now you can constantly enjoy the spectacular physical wonder that is you with The Walkabout Mirror. Yes, wherever you go, whatever you do, whenever you turn your head, it's you, glorious you! Also comes with attachable, full-length shoe-mirrors for when you look down.
Walkabout Mirror: $859.00





Everyone has to go to the bathroom. But why waste valuable lifting time when you could still be working out? This combination toilet and shoulder press is perfect for giving your biceps and sphincter muscles a workout at the same time.
The Dump 'N Pump: $1,995



Sleep costs you quality workout time. But not anymore! Climb into a soft bed, bolt your arms into the machine and go to sleep without a guilty conscience. For while you're slumbering, the Bench Press Bed vigorously works out your arms and chest. Sheets are rubber and sweat-resistant.
Bench Press Bed: $899.00

CALLING ALL FEMALE BODYBUILDERS!

Ladies, are you constantly mistaken for a man? Do other women scream, call the police and mace you when you go into the ladies restroom?

Or do gals stare at you in bars and ask "Wanna dance, you hunky macho stud?"

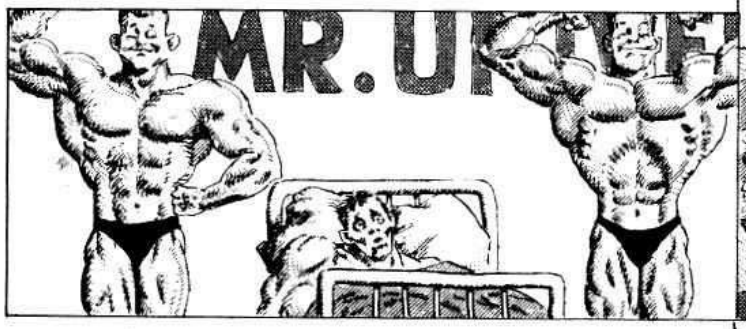
And at the gym, do men slap you on the back and ask "You wanna spot me, big guy?" Well, end the confusion once and for all with the "I'm a woman!" shirt. Comes in pink with the words "I'm a woman!" on the front and "Honest to God I am. Really, I'm not kidding. It's true!"on the back.

I'm A Woman T-Shirt: $19.99

THE 1999 MR. UNIVERSE COMPETITION

This year's Mr. Universe competition was marred by unfounded allegations that the contestants had been using steroids. The contestants strongly denied the accusations, and their lawyer lashed out at the accusers, saying: "Why would these athletes, in the peak of physical condition, use steroids when they're known to cause heart attacks, sterility, liver tumors, aggressive behavior and stunted growth?" That settled, the Mr. Universe competition moved ahead smoothly. Here, then, are some highlights:

Here contestant Russ Uglëfrek competes despite recovering from a liver transplant the day before.



Finalists after the first round of the Mr. Universe competition are congratulated by the media and world-renowned jockey Carlos Garg.

During the competition, contestant Fred Sinew flew into a rage and savagely pummeled one of the judges who, Fred claimed, was "looking at him."

Arnold Aype suffers his ninth and final heart attack of the evening as the thrill of winning the Mr. Universe competition proves to be too much. In the excitement of their competitor dying, runners-up Ronnie Swettikrak and Pepe Mungloyd also suffer heart attacks and die.

IMPORTANT EXERCISES

The most crucial part of your workout is the straining face/bodybuilder shriek. It takes hard work to get it just right like the pros. Here are a few exercises to get that tortured look that's so crucial while weight-lifting.

Step 1: Furrow brow and cross eyes while bulging them out of your head. Repeat 10-15 sets.

Step 2: Flare nostrils and open mouth as wide as possible and scream. Repeat 20-25 sets.

Step 3: Turn bright red and make all the veins in your head and back balloon up. Repeat 25-30 sets.

Step 4: Drool from mouth, bite off tongue, spurt blood from nose, eyes and ears. Repeat 10-15 sets.

Step 5: Shake wildly and crap pants. Repeat 12-15 sets.

Step 6: Now combine all 5 steps, making sure not to forget to lift weights while doing so.

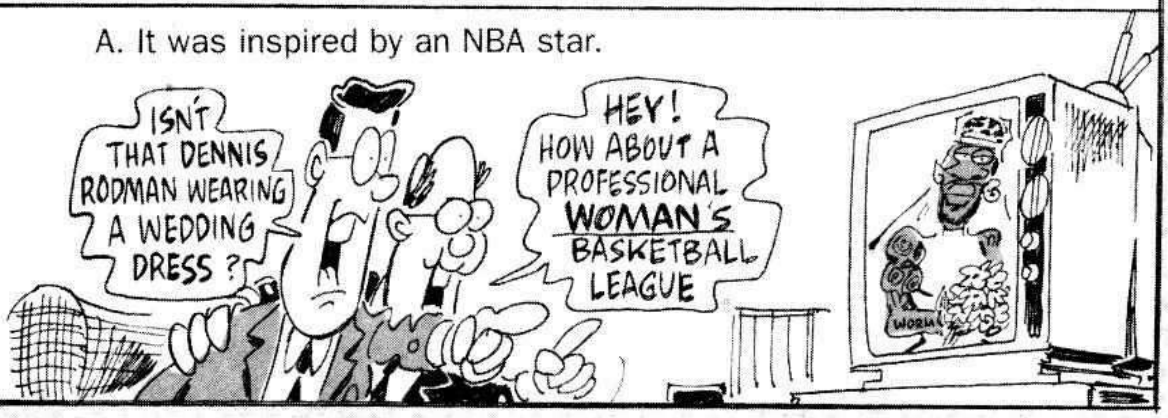
Sinê

Hedda Hoopsta Answers Your Questions about the WNBA

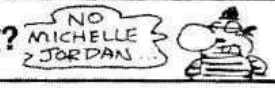
WRITER & ARTIST: MIKE RICIGLIANO

Q. How did the league start?

A. It was inspired by an NBA star.



Q. Were there any major problems in the beginning?



A. Women hate wearing the same outfits.

Q. Any difference between the WNBA's and the NBA's basketballs?

A. The WNBA's ball is always crisper and fresher!

THE WNBA PRIDES ITSELF ON TEAMWORK

Rebecca Lobo has a breakaway shot...

...but elects to pass to a teammate...

...who, in turn, gives it unselfishly to another teammate!

This continues for all five members of the team...

...culminating in the Liberty's patented five-woman lay-up.

Q. If an NBA team played a WNBA team, who'd win, and why?

A. The NBA would take a lead, 'cause the WNBA ladies can't dunk...

...but the WNBA would win, because the NBA players never heard of a pass.

Q. What advantages do the NBA players have over their NBA counterparts?

A. Fouls. Observe.

Q: What are some rules specially created for the WNBA?

Four-point Shot (Ball and Bra)

Broken-fingernail Time-out

Official time-out due to player in labor

Dribbling without using hands

Hedda's five things you'd see only at a WNBA game

WNBA's patented, team-oriented, zone dunk

What could the WNBA do to increase TV ratings?

Five fouls and you're spanked

Skins vs. Shirts

Being a high school student means having to deal with many complex emotional and social problems...unless you're one of the Stepford students attending Yayside High. Everyone there is generally perfect, and their so-called problems are about as real as Marv Albert's hair. This show stinks so much, it's surprising that the writers of this trash aren't...

SHAMED BY THE SMELL

THE NEW PAINS-IN-THE-CLASS

WRITER: MIKE MORSE • ARTIST: WALLY BROGAN

Phony got sacked!
Oh my God! I hope he's not hurt! He's supposed to take me to the dance tonight! Of course, I could go with Tommy, or Ralph, or Chuck, or Eddie, or Jared, or Brad, or Lance, or Matt or...
It looks bad. The trainer is running onto the field.
Wait, that's not the trainer, it's...

...the team beautician! Oh no! Phony's hair got mussed!
Don't worry M'sieur. When I finish you'll be beautiful.
Could you hurry it up? I'm in real pain... people are seeing me with my hair mussed. Hurry!

So, Sticky, are you taking Baitie to the Homecoming Dance tonight?
I think so.
You think so? You haven't asked her yet?
It's not that. It's just that everybody in this school looks and acts so much alike I'm not sure who I asked to the dance.

Guys, come with me! Diaria's in big trouble!
Big trouble? What is it, alcohol abuse? Drug problems? Teen pregnancy?
Derelic, this is Yayside High. We don't suffer from mundane problems like those. I'm talking real trouble.
Then what's the problem?
Only the worst thing that could happen to a Yayside student...

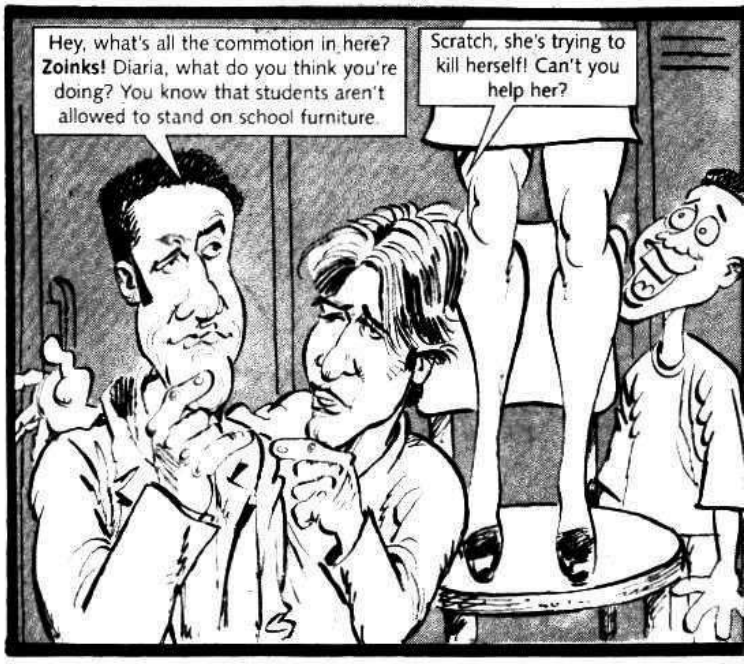
See? It's horrible!
Yuck! I've heard about them, but I never thought I'd see one in person! She's got a... a...
AGHHHH!

...a pimple! For the love of God, someone call 911!
I've got nothing to live for! Does Doctor Kevorkian make school calls?

Come on, Diaria. You've got a lot to live for. You get straight A's. You're the class valedictorian. You're a shoo-in for Homecoming Queen...
I know. But with this **zit**, Phony will **never** take me to the dance.
Yeah, you're right. You've got **nothing** to live for.

I'm going to end it all!
Come on! We've got to stop her before she does something stupid.
Right. Like show that zit to the rest of the students. Then she'll never be voted Homecoming Queen.

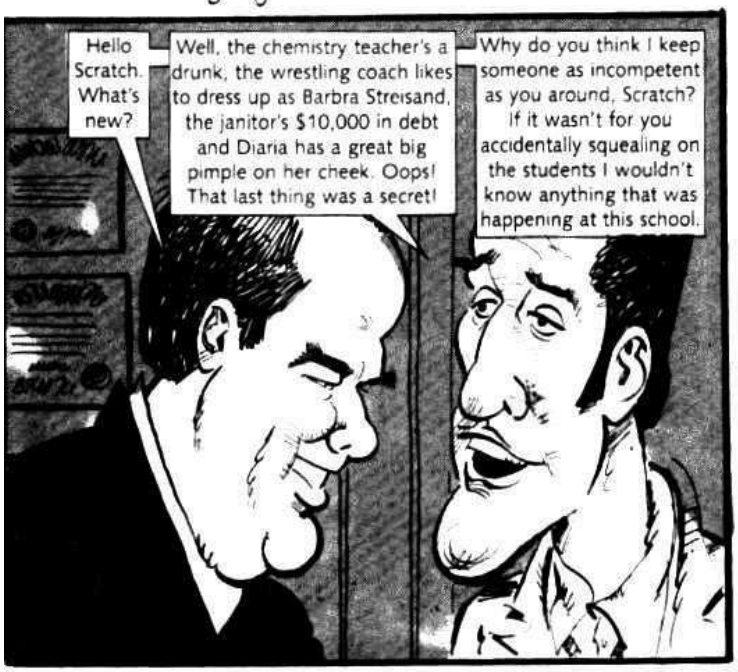
No! No! No! No!!!!!
Derelic, I'm touched that you care about me so much.
It's not that. I'm crying because I'm finally in the girls locker room and there's not **one naked girl** in here. **What a waste!**


Hey, what's all the commotion in here? **Zoinks!** Diaria, what do you think you're doing? You know that students aren't allowed to stand on school furniture.
Scratch, she's trying to kill herself! Can't you help her?

Sure.
That's not what we had in mind.
BAM!

Scratch, Diaria has a pimple on her cheek and the big dance is tonight.
Well, you're in luck. I just watched a pimple removal procedure on TV.
Was it on *ER*?
No, *This Old House*.
SHOP CLASS

Oh, no! Diaria's zit broke the sander!
Scratch, whatever you do, don't say **anything** about this to Mr. Balding. He'll kick her out of school if he finds out she's not perfect.
Don't worry, you can trust me. I won't say a word about zit... I mean... it, when I talk to the pimple... I mean... the principal.
BAN
ZAP


Hello Scratch. What's new?
Well, the chemistry teacher's a drunk, the wrestling coach likes to dress up as Barbra Streisand, the janitor's $10,000 in debt and Diaria has a great big pimple on her cheek. Oops! That last thing was a secret!
Why do you think I keep someone as incompetent as you around, Scratch? If it wasn't for you accidentally squealing on the students I wouldn't know anything that was happening at this school.

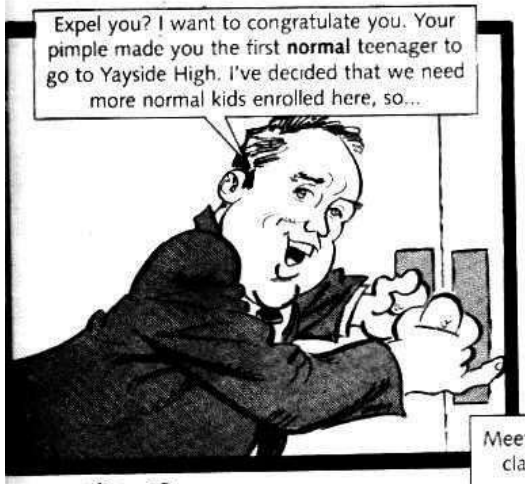
Scratch, being a principal isn't an easy job. I'm faced with a very tough decision.
On what to do about Diaria?
No, on whether I should let the teachers have some space in the parking lot for their bicycles.

They might scratch the students' cars. But what about Diaria?
There's only one thing to do...

Are you sure this looks alright?
Sure. You'll be the prettiest linebacker at the dance.
Oh, no! Here comes Phony! I just **know** he'll notice my zit!

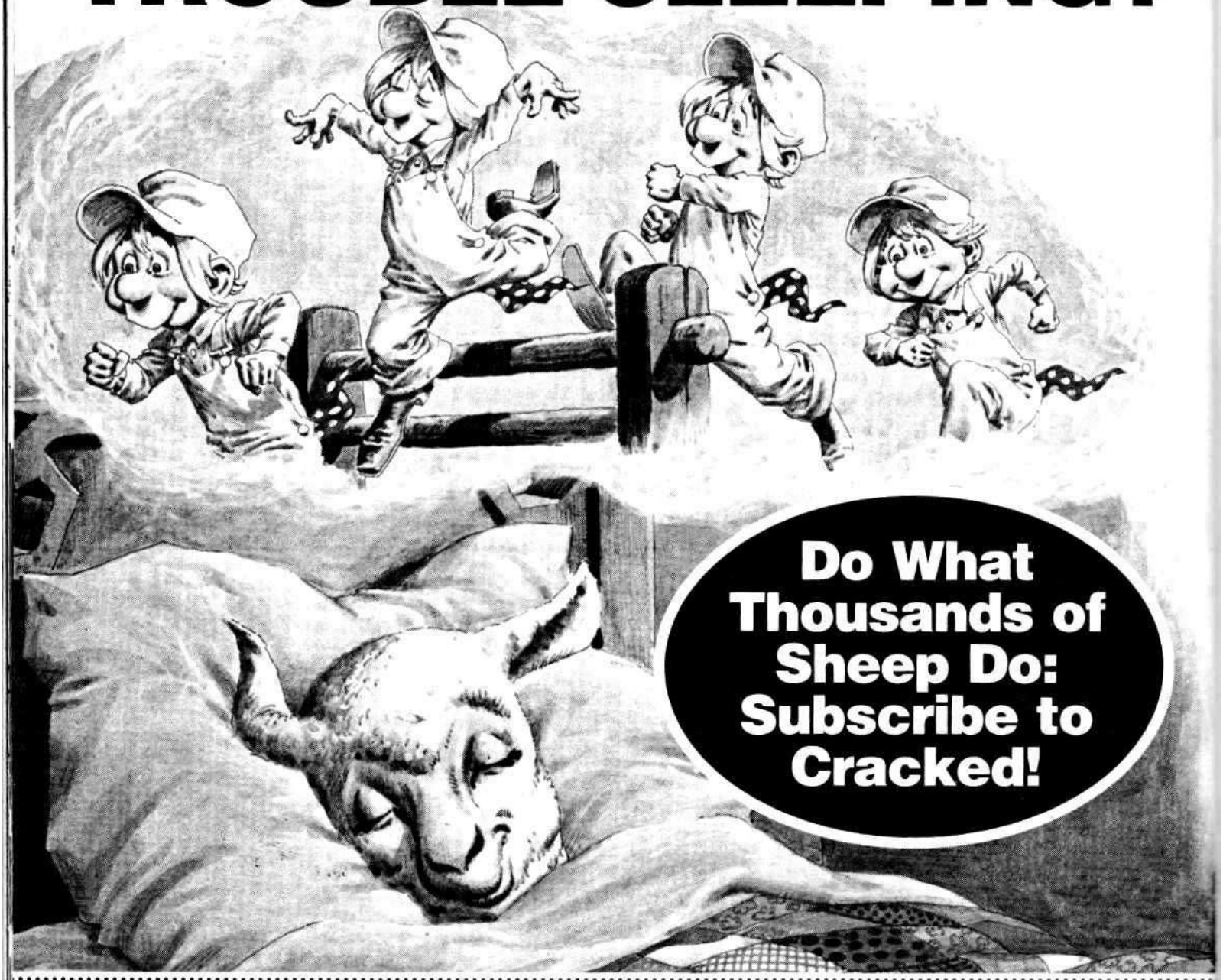
Hi, Phony.
Hi, Diaria. Mind if I hang this mirror on your zit? Hmm, don't I look handsome tonight! Let's go in so everyone can see how good I look.

Oh no!
So it's true! You are imperfect!
I'm sorry! But it'll be gone in a few days! Please don't expel me!
See Walkabout Mirror Ad On Page 32.


Expel you? I want to congratulate you. Your pimple made you the first **normal** teenager to go to Yayside High. I've decided that we need more normal kids enrolled here, so...

Meet your new classmates!
Oh no! What have I done??

TROUBLE SLEEPING?



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Plus a **free Cracked T-shirt** (Actual size! Fits XXL midgets)

❑ **2 Years** (18 issues) for **$27.67**

Plus a **free Cracked sports bottle** (Actual size! Holds .0001 pints!)

❑ **1 Year** (9 Issues) for **$17.77**

Plus this **empty black square** and **10% off the newsstand price!**

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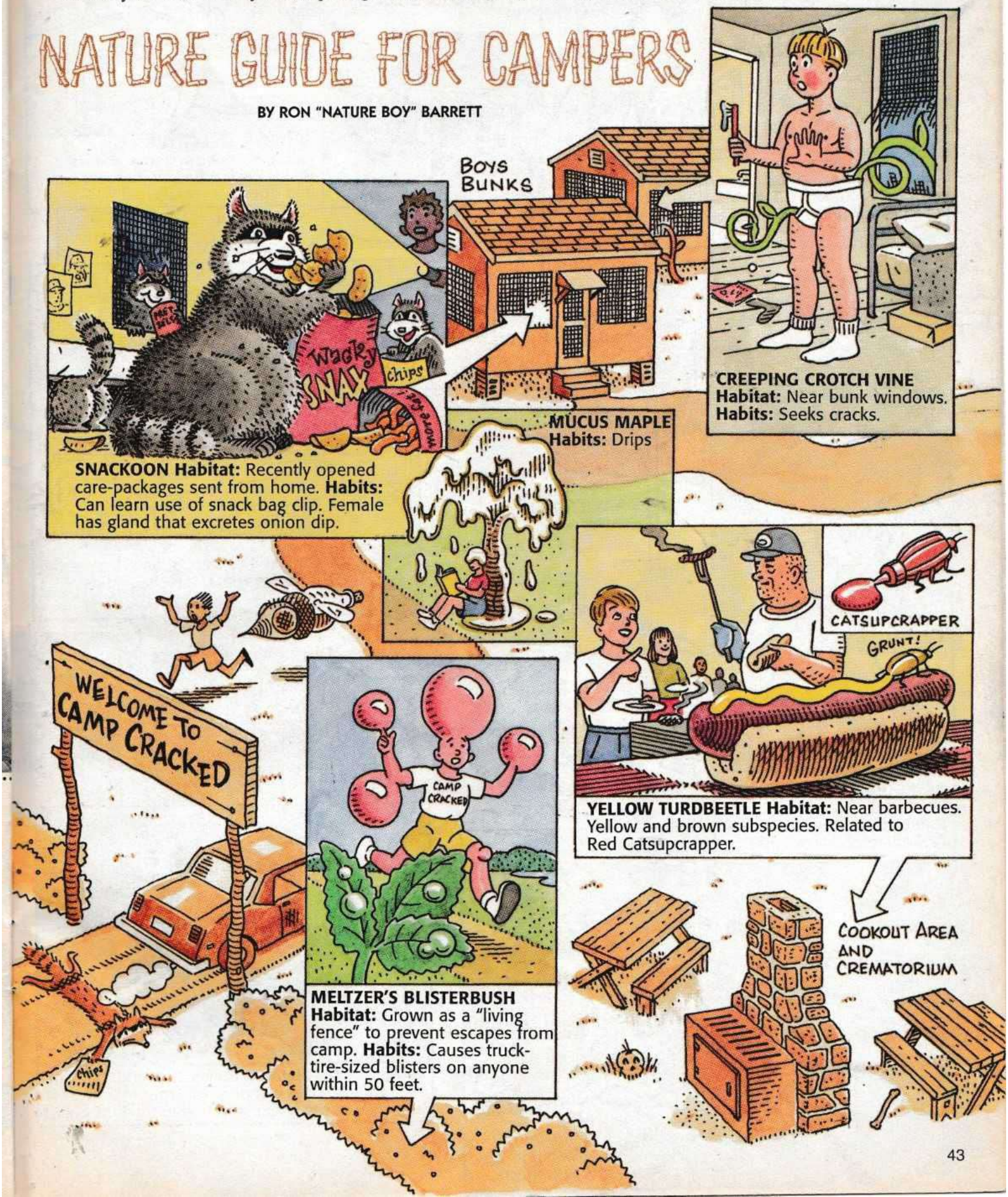
❑ Check here if renewal

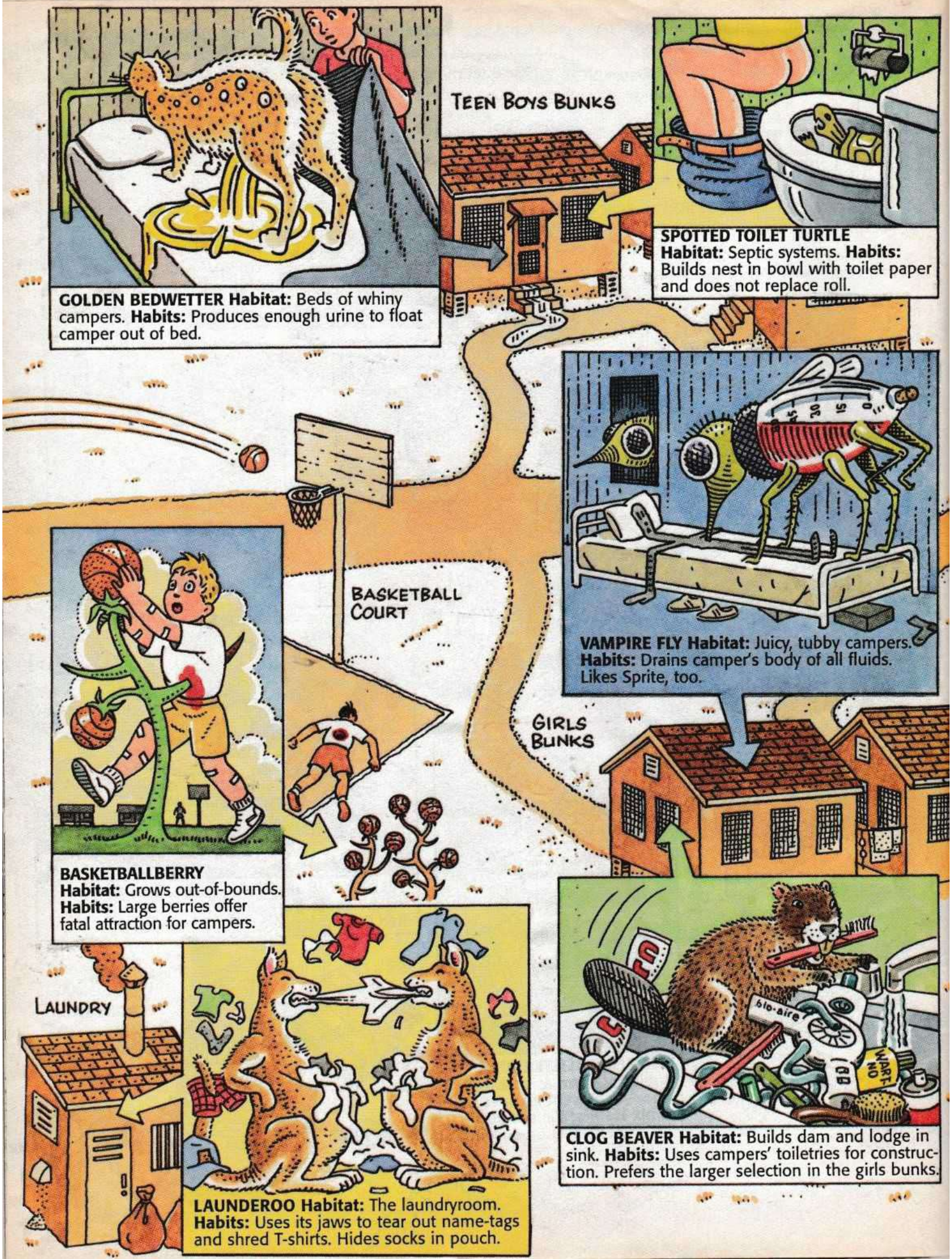
Outside USA (including Canada): $19.75 for 1 year, $35.75 for 2 years, $49.75 for 3 years, payable in U.S. Funds by International Money Order or Check drawn on U.S. Bank. **Please allow 8-10 weeks for processing.**

When you go to camp you will be surrounded by nature. You've heard of nature. It's the place that doesn't have a GAP or a Starbucks on every corner. In nature, you'll soon realize that danger lurks at every step. That beautiful flower over there? Poisonous. The sweet little, foaming chipmunk? Rabid. Yes, chances are you'll die before your tour of duty at camp is up. However, to give you a fighting chance, we've put together this...

NATURE GUIDE FOR CAMPERS

BY RON "NATURE BOY" BARRETT

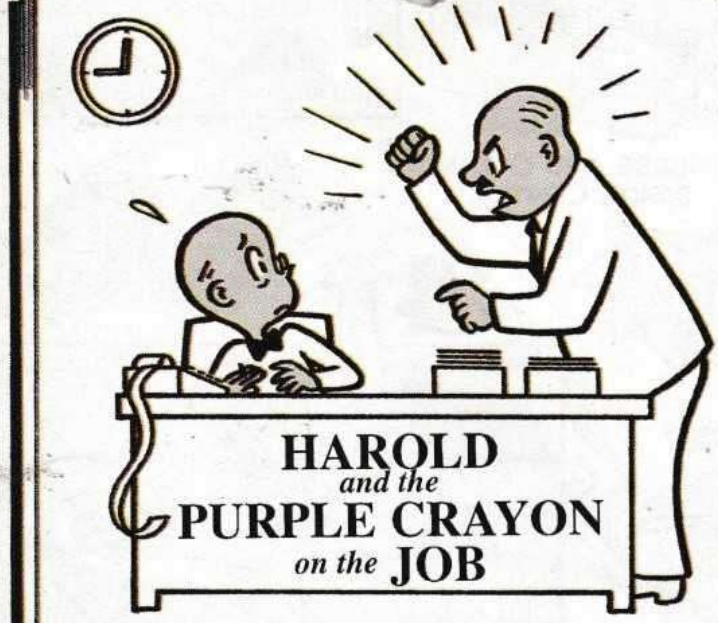



TEEN BOYS BUNKS
GOLDEN BEDWETTER Habitat: Beds of whiny campers. Habits: Produces enough urine to float camper out of bed.
SPOTTED TOILET TURTLE Habitat: Septic systems. Habits: Builds nest in bowl with toilet paper and does not replace roll.
BASKETBALL COURT
VAMPIRE FLY Habitat: Juicy, tubby campers. Habits: Drains camper's body of all fluids. Likes Sprite, too.
GIRLS BUNKS
BASKETBALLBERRY Habitat: Grows out-of-bounds. Habits: Large berries offer fatal attraction for campers.
LAUNDRY
LAUNDEROO Habitat: The laundryroom. Habits: Uses its jaws to tear out name-tags and shred T-shirts. Hides socks in pouch.
bio-aire
CLOG BEAVER Habitat: Builds dam and lodge in sink. Habits: Uses campers' toiletries for construction. Prefers the larger selection in the girls bunks.

CHIRP!
AMPLIFIED CRICKET Habitat: Directly under your bunk. Habits: Ear-splitting chirp shatters ceramics made in Arts and Crafts class.
COOKAROACH Habitat: The kitchen. Habits: Adds cigarette ash and egg sacks to food.
DINING HALL AND THROW-UP COURT
DINING HALL
20'
15'
10'
5
0
CAMP NURSE
ROT MITE (ACTUAL SIZE)
ROT MITE (MAGNIFIED)
CAMP CRACKER
ROT MITE Habitat: Builds ranch-style house in victim's ear. Habits: Migrates to abdomen where it feeds.
HORSEBACK RIDING AND ARCHERY
FAKER!
NURSE AND ORGAN DONOR CENTER
DINING HALL
GASFLOWER
Habitat: Outside dining hall.
Habits: Emits disgusting odor which campers confuse with the smell of dinner.
VISITOR PARKING AND QUICKSAND AREA
WORLD CHAMPS
Almost The Finest COOKIES
JUST O.K. Cheese Churts
PARENT
Habitat: Home.
Habits: Male tries to look cool. Female tries to look hot. Offspring tries to look unembarrassed. Luckily, only appear on visiting day.
LAKE AND SLIME FARM
TRUNKS TROUT Habitat: Lake. Habits: Driven by intense craving for nylon, Trunks Trout remove and devour campers' swimwear.

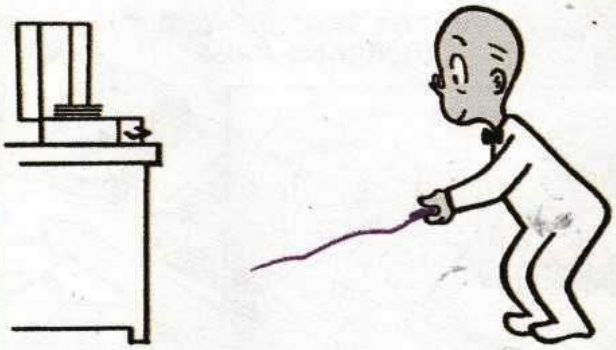
Some classic childrens' tales have been around forever. It's time they were updated. So here are...

Children's Classics Grown-Up



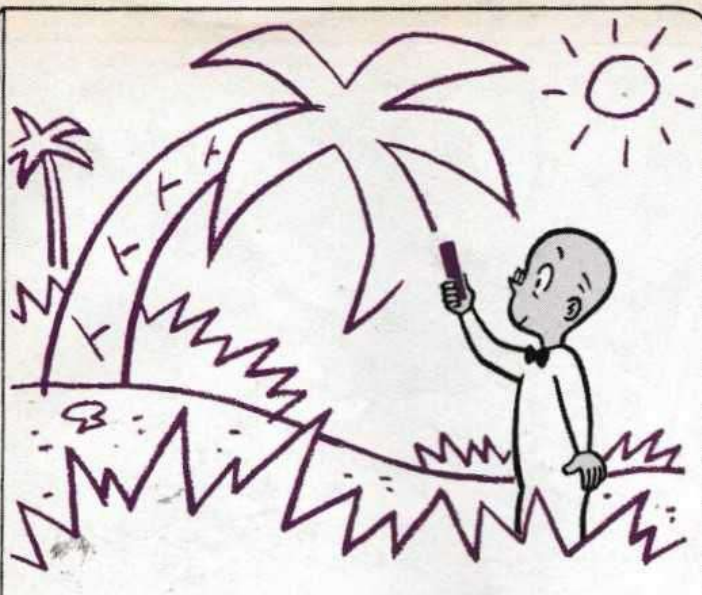
HAROLD *and the* PURPLE CRAYON *on the* JOB

"Ho-hum," thought Harold. His accounting job was so boring. "Numbers, numbers, numbers all the time," he muttered.
"Harold! Where's the Feldman account?" screamed his boss, Mr. Fidgit. Harold had brought it home to work on it. It was quiet there now that his wife had left him.



He opened his briefcase and he looked surprised! His old purple crayon was in it! He hadn't seen it in years! "I wonder," thought Harold.

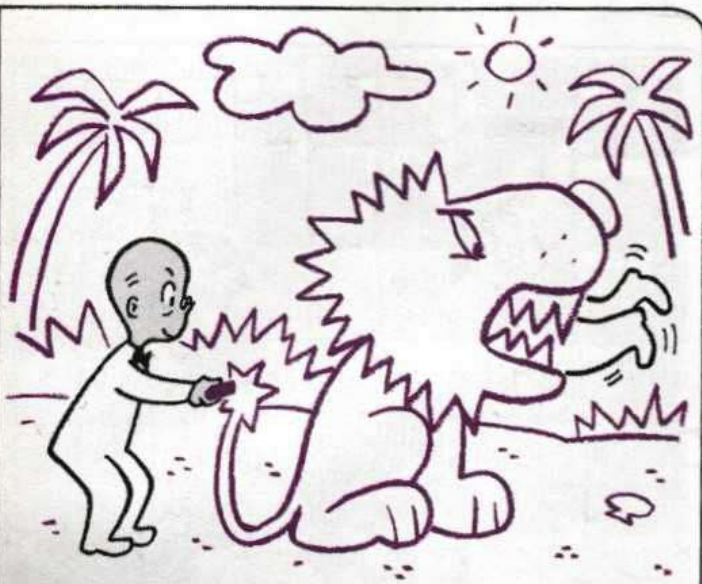
WRITER: DAN FIORELLA • ARTIST: GARY FIELDS



Harold started drawing. A beautiful island. And he stepped into it. The crayon still worked!

He drew wonderful trees and a lush lagoon for swimming.

"Harold! What the hell are you doing?" It was his boss, Mr. Fidgit. He had followed Harold onto his island!



"Just this, sir." And Harold drew a hungry lion that ate Mr. Fidgit.

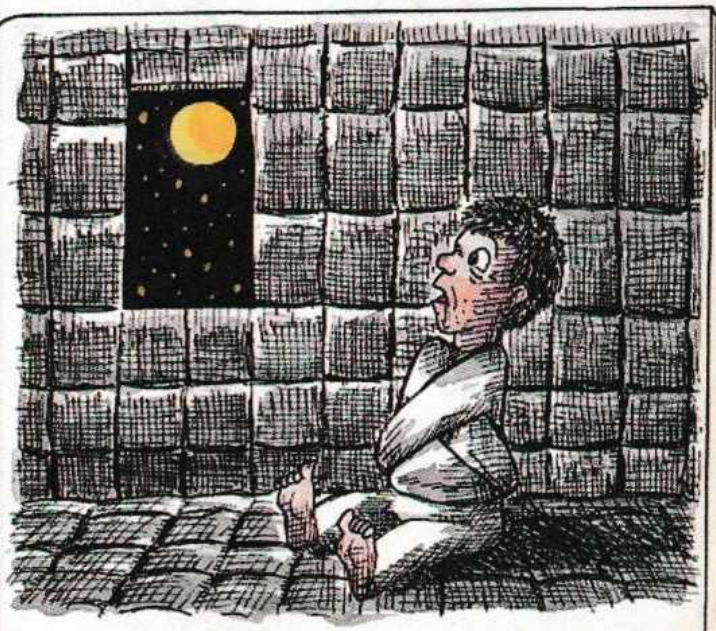
Harold drew a grand mansion and a beautiful purple wife. He was hungry and thirsty, so he drew a purple pizza delivery guy and a purple bartender. It was good to have his crayon back.

WHERE THE WILD THINGS WERE

When the stars arose
And the sky went ink;
I would travel out beyond my room, beyond my yard, beyond the land, beyond the water.

To where the wild things were.
They were waiting for me. With my blade and dagger, I conquered them and they made me their leader.

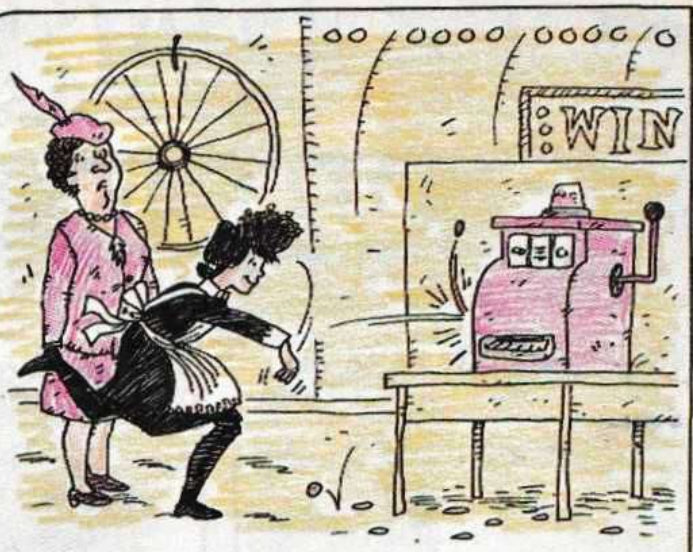
Such fun was had. More fun than they had ever known. The wild things adored me. Which is why I always return.



When the stars arise,
and the sky goes ink.
And I'm off my medication,
I go back to the place where the wild things were.

LET IT RIDE, AMELIA BEDELIA

Amelia Bedelia was very excited about going on the Atlantic City junket with Mrs. Rodgers. She so wanted to see the boardwalk. Imagine her disappointment! All the boards just laid there! "All these boards. You'd think one would walk," she said.



"Come along, Amelia Bedelia, don't dally!" said Mrs. Rodgers. "Let's use our roll of quarters and hit the slot machines."
So Amelia Bedelia hit the slot machines with her roll of quarters. And then she hit the jackpot!

"You're a lucky person," declared Mrs. Rodgers. "Let's try our luck at blackjack."
At the blackjack table, Amelia Bedelia watched as the dealer gave Mrs. Rodgers her cards.
"Oh, only 12," said Mrs. Rodgers. Then she added, "Hit me."
So Amelia Bedelia hit her.
"Good thing I brought my blackjack after all!" she laughed, adding, "Mrs. Rodgers certainly makes the oddest requests."

Later, Amelia Bedelia and Mrs. Rodgers were asked to leave the casino.
Mrs. Rodgers shook her head. "I suppose it is my own fault," she said. "I should have never told you that we were at the crap table."

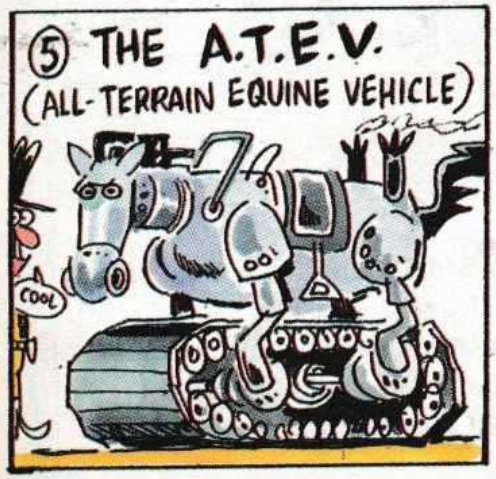
THE CRACKED LIST

8 WILD GADGETS

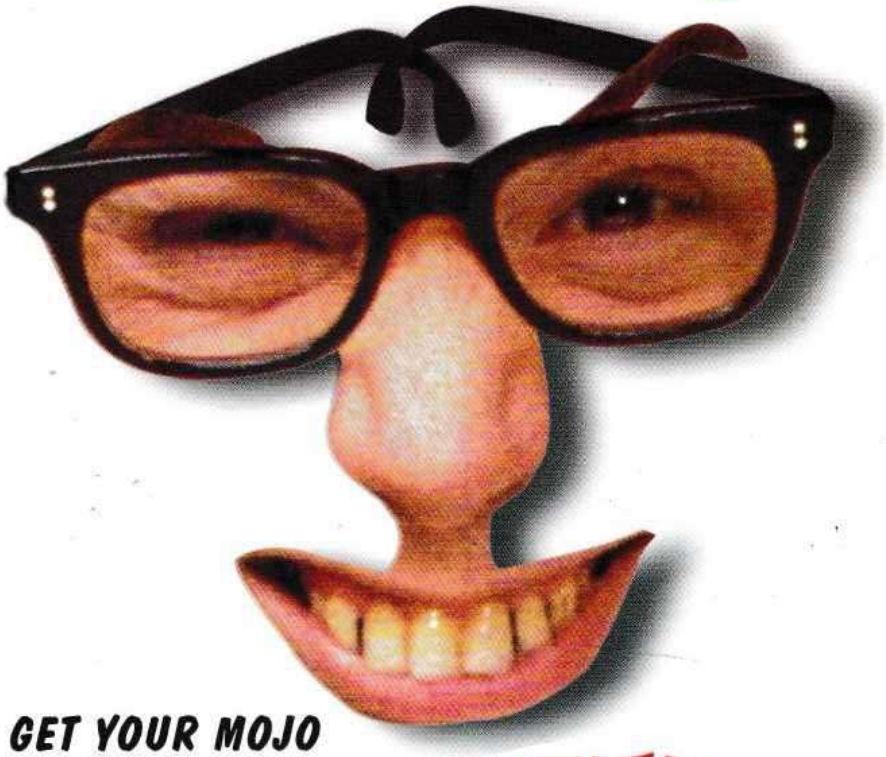
FOUND IN ARTEMUS GORDON'S AND ARLISS LOVELESS' SKETCHBOOKS

(HORSEBACK)WRITER: KATEY DASH

ART(EM)IST: MIKE RICIGLIANO



UPTIGHT? SQUARE? Don't have a thrombo, baby!



GET YOUR MOJO WORKING WITH THE...

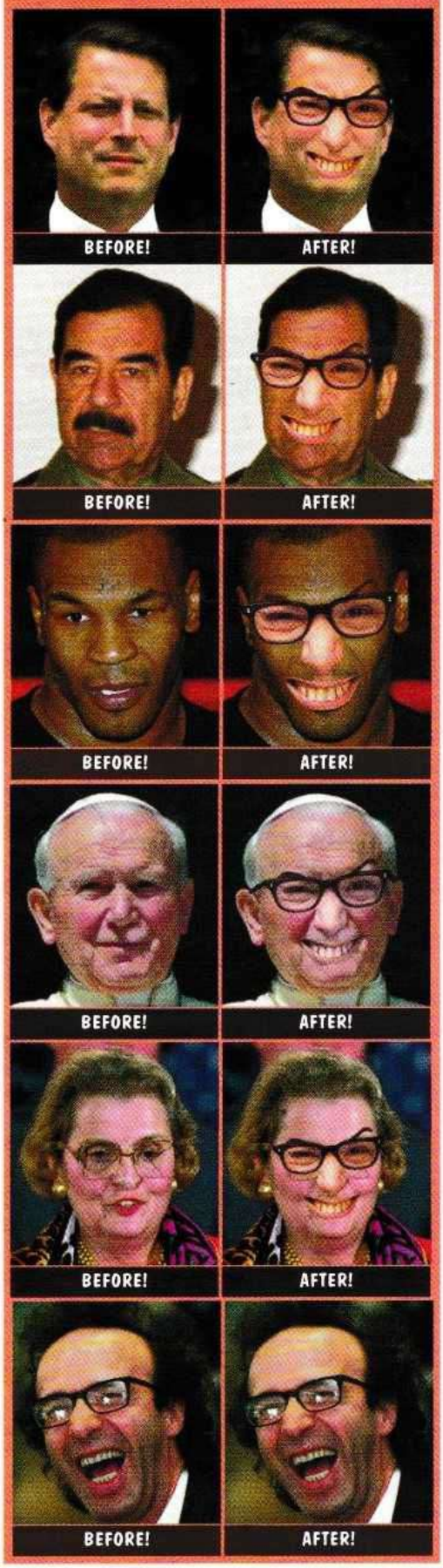
AUSTIN POWERS

INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY

INSTANT SWINGER MASK

It's as easy as slipping on a pair of groovy glasses and before you can say "oh behave!" you're an International Man (or Chick) of Mystery, ready to swing, shag and make the scene, baby!

JUST A FEW OF OUR SATISFIED CUSTOMERS:



AVAILABLE WHEREVER SHAGADELIC BRITISH SUPERSPY ACCESSORIES ARE SOLD!

JUMBO JET, JAGUAR XKE AND SWEDISH BITS & PIECES ENLARGER SOLD SEPARATELY.

AS SEEN ON HOLO VISION

BUY 2 ASSAULTS, GET ONE FREE!

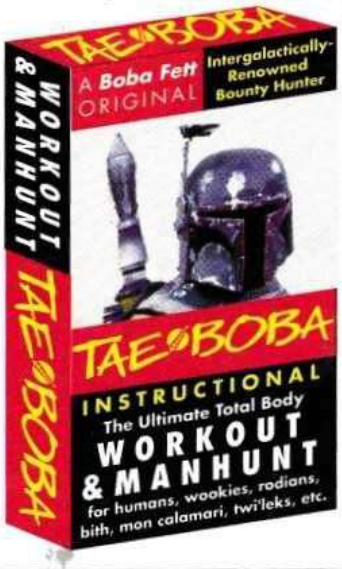
TAE-BOBA

"THE HOTTEST WORKOUT IN ANY STAR SYSTEM!"

Tired of trying every new machine, diet and fitness droid to lose weight, only to find they don't work? Then Boba Fett's ***Tae-Boba*** is the high energy, fat-burning workout you've been waiting for!

A ***Tae-Boba*** workout is easy! Boba Fett just chases you across all known space until you lose the weight you want. It's that simple. If you value your life, you can do ***Tae-Boba***. Put out a bounty on your fat-ass with intergalactically-renowned bounty hunter Boba Fett!

Tae-Boba was specifically designed by Boba Fett to work on any species (save Hutts) no matter how many arms, legs, tentacles, gills, stalks and other appendages it has.



And ***Tae-Boba*** is a program you will stick to, because Boba Fett will not stop chasing you across the galaxy until you have lost the pounds! You don't have any choice *but* to lose weight!

Tae-Boba comes with a special guarantee: If you're not satisfied with the results in 30 daycycles, Boba Fett will kill you at no extra charge! You have nothing to lose, except everything you value and cherish! So order today!

Our FREE holovid will instruct you on the variety of ways Boba will pummel the fat off your body if he catches you! It's a great motivator and a great value!

Don't believe *Tae-Boba* can work for you? Check out these testimonials!

I lost 40 pounds in just one Tae-Boba class! Sure, it's hard to lift packages with one arm, but the scale doesn't lie! Thanks Boba Fett!
—Gaq-Un-Falwa

I was a little intimidated at first, but Boba Fett makes you very comfortable while barbecuing your flesh with his built-in flame-thrower. Once the hours of mind-numbing agony end, I'm sure I'll be happier and healthier thanks to Tae-Boba!
—Kas-Kas Wengo

Not only did I lose weight using Tae-Boba, I lost my life! Now I'll never worry about my weight again!
—Tenob Xianso

Another satisfied Tae-Boba customer!

ORDER NOW!

Just send 4,200 credits for each pound you want to lose to:

Boba Fett
Box THX-1138
Tatooine

To charge it to your JediMastercard, concentrate very hard on telepathically sending Boba your credit card number.